Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Mar - Apr, 1990

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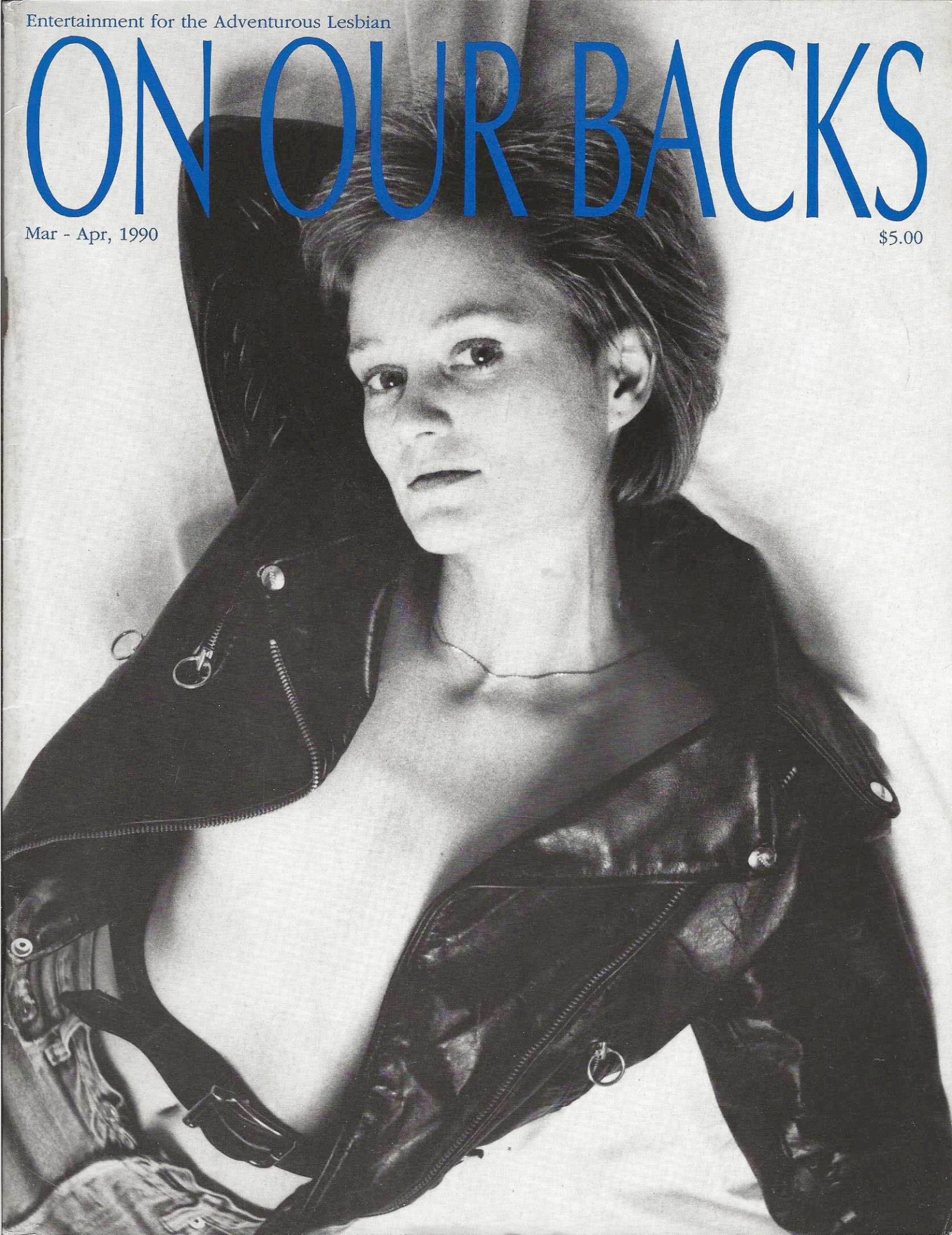

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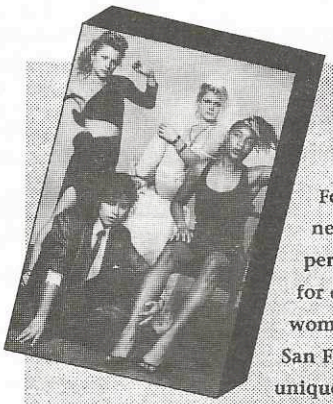

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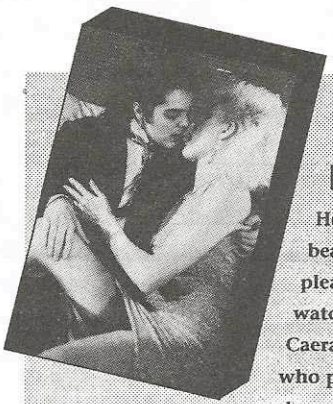
For three years, nearly 100 erotic performers danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This unique show, surely the longest run- ning, live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. A great party tape, it features exciting moments from this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. (90 min) R



PRIVATE PLEASURES

Home alone, Asian beauty Mariko pleasures herself while watching Terri and Caerage on her VCR, who perform an elegant and passionate seduction scene set in a romantic penthouse suite. (30 min) X

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Terri and Caerage, a real life lesbian couple from Seattle, star in a leather lust scene, enjoying the unique playfulness and intensity that is lesbian S/M. (30 min) X

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READER SURVEY

Who reads **ON OUR BACKS**? • What do you like in our magazine? • What do you want to see more of?
Please take a few minutes to fill out this questionnaire. • Feel free to add further comments on a seperate sheet.
Looking forward to reading every single one of your surveys, **SUSIE BRIGHT, EDITOR.**

RESIDENCE:

	URBAN	RURAL	SUBURBAN
USA: East	❑	❑	❑
West	❑	❑	❑
Midwest	❑	❑	❑
South	❑	❑	❑
Canada	❑	❑	❑
Other	❑	❑	❑

EDUCATION:
❑ High School
College:
❑ 2 years
❑ 4 years
❑ Grad School

AGE:
❑ 18-25
❑ 26-35
❑ 36-45
❑ 46-64
❑ 65+

INCOME:
❑ 0-15,000
❑ 15-35,000
❑ 35-60,000
❑ 60,000+

GENDER:
❑ F
❑ M

SEXUAL ACTIVITY (Check as many boxes as apply):

		RARELY	OCCASIONALLY	REGULARLY
I HAVE SEX WITH:	WOMEN	❑	❑	❑
	MEN	❑	❑	❑

MY PRESENT STATUS IS:
❑ Single, No Partners ❑ Coupled, No Outside Partners
❑ Single, Dating ❑ Coupled, More Than One Partner

READER REACTIONS:

GENERALLY SPEAKING,	IS A TURN-ON	GIVES ME NEW IDEAS	NOT INTERESTED	TURNS ME OFF
Letters	❑	❑	❑	❑
Susie Bright's *Toys For Us*	❑	❑	❑	❑
Features on Lifestyle/Relationship Concerns	❑	❑	❑	❑
Sexual Politics (*Sextracts*, Special Features)	❑	❑	❑	❑
Book & Video Reviews	❑	❑	❑	❑
Ask Fanny	❑	❑	❑	❑
Erotic Short Stories	❑	❑	❑	❑
Pictorials: Women Making Love	❑	❑	❑	❑
Pictorials: Fantasy/Fetish out of the ordinary	❑	❑	❑	❑
Pictorials: Centerfolds on a Special Woman	❑	❑	❑	❑

What would you like to see more of in *ON OUR BACKS?*_____

What is your favorite column/writer/feature/artist or model in *ON OUR BACKS?*_____

How many people read your copy of *ON OUR BACKS?*_____

WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR COPY? ❑ Bookstore ❑ Mail Order/Sub ❑ Newstand ❑ A Friend

How often do you read *ON OUR BACKS?*
❑ Every Issue
❑ A Couple Times a Year
❑ Once a Year

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What other magazines do read regularly?_____

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Can you suggest a bookstore or newstand in your area that you think should carry *ON OUR BACKS?*_____ (Store Name) _____ (City, State)

Can you suggest a local video store that you'd like to see carrying lesbian-made erotica?_____ (Store Name) _____ (City, State)

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BACK ISSUES

Going fast — Get 'em while they last!

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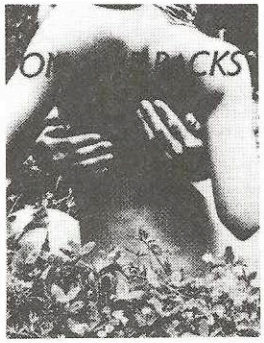
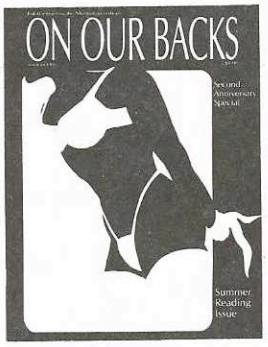
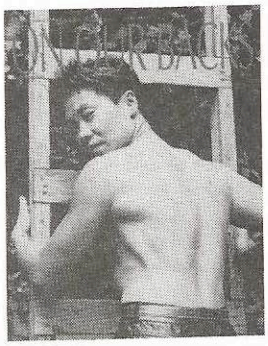


Fall '84
- G-Spot
- Leather Fashion
- Video Lesbiana

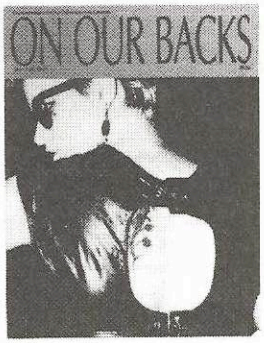
Winter '85
- Redfern Academy
- Leather in the Wood
- Sex Pioneer — Sally Binford



Summer '86
- Motorcycle Mama Centerfold
- Pyromania
- Summer Fiction Special



Summer '88
- Kitty Tsui
- Joan Nestle
- Women Wrestlers



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- Muscling In

May/June '89
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We're doing a survey of our readers' favorite magazine covers. Please put an "X" next to the two covers pictured above which **you** think are most attractive. Thanks!

ON OUR BACKS

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IT ISN'T ALWAYS PRETTY . . . . .

Lydia Lunch is one tough bitch, a great performance artist, and obviously very photogenic. I've seen her perform in a couple of New York City venues and her work makes you THINK. Sometimes it can make you sick too, but I'd rather get sick on Lydia's rollercoaster reality ride than on Vanna White's Wheel of Facism.

Cindy Emerson
New York

CHEAP IMITATION . . . . . .

What was that fake dyke fucked-up "confrontationalist" doing on the cover of *On Our Backs*? I don't want to read about some irresponsible, death-glorifying poser who only wishes she could call herself an artist! For someone who claims to be so enlightened, it's pathetic that she's still so uneducated about pornography. "Erotica is gentler by nature..." what kind of crap is that? I don't need to see her films or read her poetry to know there's trouble in the world after reading this catastrophe.

J. Westerberg
Indianapolis, IN

SWEET DREAMS . . . . . .

"The Babysitter" was undoubtedly the best piece of bedtime entertainment I've read in ages. Getting paid 50 cents an hour could have been a lot more fun if I'd worked for Lacey!

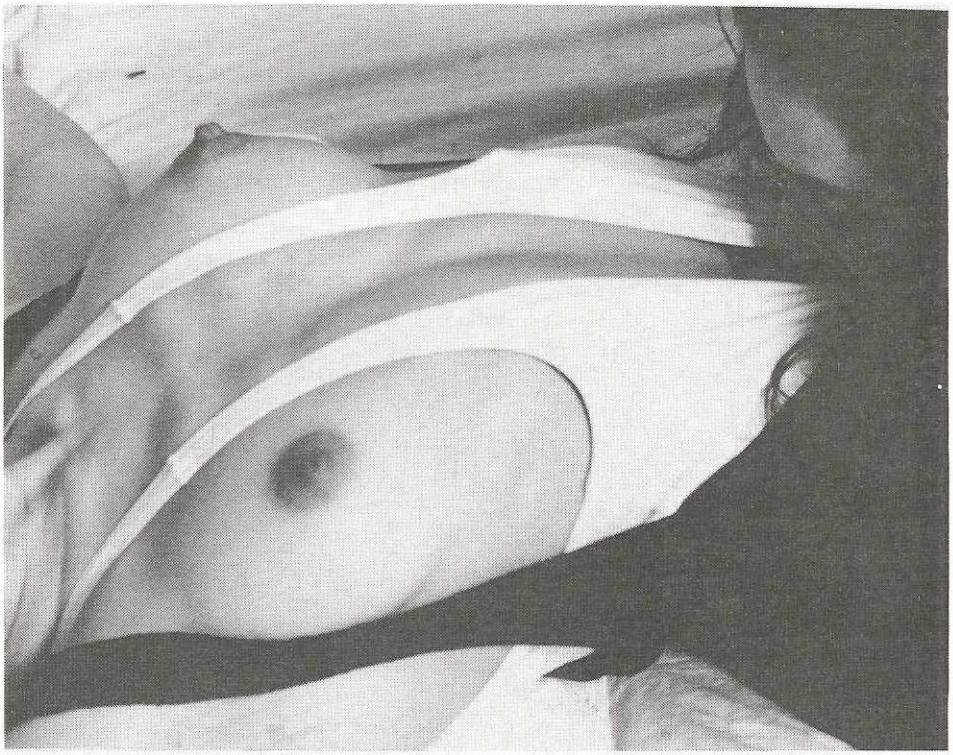
Amelia di Meo
San Francisco, CA

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! . . . . .

We at White Rabbit Books were obliquely mentioned in Letters (Nov/Dec '89) and let me assure you that we are intimidated by our pornography statute. We feel that it would be foolhardy to risk being charged with a felony. We carefully screen all our "visual" magazines, lesbian and gay, and send back issues or cut out pages or apply black markers to areas that show sex—that is oral/genital contact or penetration. We don't particularly like doing this, but if we went out of business, I think it would be a greater loss for our community.

We can spend our time and money working to change our restrictive laws instead of worrying about going to jail. Our efforts at political action have paid off. Greensboro recently joined Chapel Hill, Durham and Raleigh in passing a personnel policy with a non-discrimination clause that includes sexual preference.

John Neal, Owner
White Rabbit Books
Greensboro, NC



JESSICA TANZER

GOOD N' PLENTY . . . . . .

What I like about *On Our Backs*:

The photos: hot models, explicit sex, plenty of role-playing, and all the toys and fetishes that turn me on.

The features: your writers are the sassiest bitches around.

The stories: imaginative and varied.

What I don't like: being stuck here in Madison, Wisconsin when all the action's in San Francisco!

Shirley
Madison, WI

LANG THANG WORSHIP . . . . . .

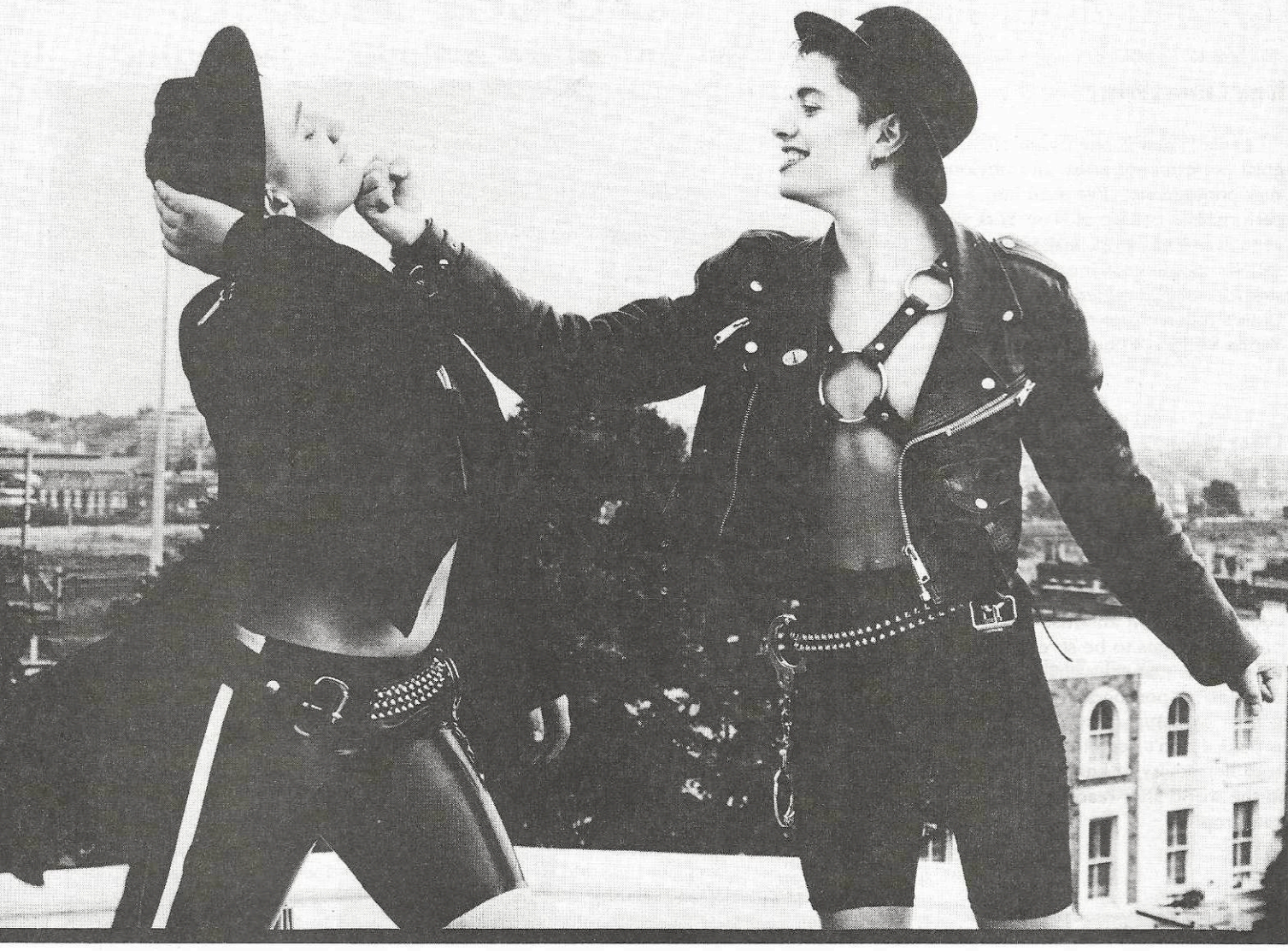
"She doesn't make any admission to her adoring girl fans, but she certainly teases us to death."

Yup. That just about says it all. I hate to be a sourpuss, but all this lesbian hero-worship of k.d. lang (January/February, 90) really irks me. Lesbian celebrities who stay firmly wedged in the closet are bad enough, but lesbian celebrities who tease and prance and flirt just barely on the wrong side of coming out make my blood boil! It seems that their intention is to make their preference obvious to anyone who knows what to look for. They get thousands of role-model-starved dykes drooling at their feet, without putting their careers in jeopardy. They're willing to soak up our love and money, but won't take the risk of coming out.

Then again, I don't like country music. If we were talking about Laurie Anderson, I might feel differently.

Christina Winter
Oakland, CA
(continued on page 7)

GET YOUR OWN SUB, SISTER!



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(continued from page 5)

TOASTED . . . . . .

It might be minus four with a windchill factor of 36 below zero, but with your mag, it is toasty in my bed.

G.E Maine
St. Louis, MO

ACADEMIC DISCIPLINE . . . . .

I received the nine back issues you sent me, which my roommates immediately pounced on. Now they are allowed one issue apiece (no trading) providing they do their Biology 101 and Irish History reading. I'm disciplining myself with these mags as a reward up against hydraulic engineering studies. Thanks for the boost you've given to academic resolve in our household.

Claire E. Humphrey
Arlington, MA

HOLY BATSEX! . . . . . .

Sex is a many-splendored thing, but it was never easy to explain. Try telling your friends to watch *Batman*, just for the ten second scene before the bats come down. You know, when Batman's just about to make it with Vicky Vale and he flashes his cape and the bats come down? Why did rubber gloves become sexier to me in that moment? Why was it that while others saw the Batsignal, I saw the labryis? Yep. You guessed it, Kim Basinger made me gay. But you girls were way ahead of her.

Tory Williams
Flushing, NY

DO YOUR HOMEWORK . . . . .

In the September/October issue, you mentioned that the eighties were when women started developing their own sex toys and really "getting down" sexually. Your magazine has certainly been an inspiration to all of us, but you need to do a little historical and archaeological homework.

Women have been making sex toys for as long as they have been making any other domestic appliance. It may be that archaeologists have trouble figuring out what these "artifacts" are for, but women with a little imagination can come up with a number of possibilities. Why do you suppose the Venus of Willendorf has no arms? And she is older than history. Ben Wa balls be damned.

As for more recent history, "What Lesbians Do" begins by asking, "Why so many cunts?" and replying, "Would you ask why so many faces?" Since women's history is erased as we make it, it is important we remember ourselves. We've been doing variations on a theme for at least six centuries before Jesus.

Jill Wilson
Tucson, AZ

"Women have been making sex toys for as long as they have been making any other domestic appliance. It may be that archaeologists have trouble figuring out what these artifacts are forbut women with a little imagination can come up with a number of possibilities. Why do you suppose the Venus of Willendorf has no arms?"

TOTALLY RAD PUSSY . . . . .

Thanks for the article on labia piercing. About a week ago, I had my clitoris pierced by Jim Ward at the Gauntlet in L.A. I let my friends, two women piercers, watch him since this is an uncommon piercing that they hadn't performed before. The sensations of pain and sexual stimulation I felt the first couple of days were nearly indistinguishable. It made me feel very powerful and vulnerable. And besides, it looks rad.

Justina Fader
Los Angeles, CA

SHE'S SEEN IT ALL . . . . . .

I am 71 years old and doubt that your magazine has much I haven't seen, hoped for, or done, but there is always something nice about seeing a new way to say it!

Pinkie Newby
Memphis, Tennessee

THE CASTING COUCH . . . . . .

The following are responses to our Models Wanted ad:

Don't bother looking for anyone else! I love my body and want the best for its' future.

Beth D.
Seattle. WA

I suggested to my top, who is whipping me as I write this, that I do an S/M fantasy for *On Our Backs*. I can do a hot motorcycle scene and a whole lot more. I'm looking forward to putting my best ass forward.

Rebecca
Oakland, CA

The idea of playing with myself in front of a dyke with a camera thrills me no end! I'm thirty years old with hot pink hair, a great tan line and believe I was a drag queen in my past life.

Eris
Rohnert Park, CA

Please send me an application before my exhibitionism takes a socially unacceptable turn and I start lurking in dark alley-ways wearing nothing but a raincoat.

J.L. Taylor
San Francisco, Ca

This Texas homegirl would like to spread a little Southern hospitality for your readers.

Katrina Yvonne
Mountain View, CA

Vampire activities are my specialty.

Jaye Shayne
Middletown, CT

WHAT TO EXPECT

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

Can Motherhood survive Susie Sexpert?

I'm expecting. My very own bundle of joy is due in a blaze of Gemini glory on June 12th. My first child is on its way.

Lest you fear this kink-filled column is going to degenerate into a pediatric podium, let me assure you that one of my first concerns as Susie Sexpert is to uncover the secrets of pre-natal sex, particularly pre-natal lesbian sex. What I've learned so far is a scandal.

In a nutshell, the information available to the pregnant lesbian about her sexuality is exactly this: ZIP. There is not a single baby book published today that doesn't have a lengthy chapter on lovemaking during and after pregnancy. But, and in 1990 I would say this is a rather large *but*, every one of these chapters addresses the love life of a husband and wife, primarily organized around the act of penis/vagina intercourse. Forget lesbians— there isn't even a footnote for single women, women with more than one partner, or women whose sexual habits fall somewhere outside the missionary position!

> *"Did you inseminate — or did you party?"*

Now, the experts do have revelations about the individual physical changes that will hit my libido like a ton of bricks— but more on that later.

Let's talk about the question on everyone's lips: How did you get pregnant? This is not only the #1 nosy inquiry of square straights, it's on the mind of every self-conscious lesbian.

You see, once again, the politically correct thought police have established a pecking order for dyke conception. There is nothing so close to the macho fear, "Am I a real man?", as its matching sapphic complex, "Am I lesbian enough?" The fact that gay girls get pregnant every which way short of immaculate visitation doesn't seem to have cracked the fear: Did I get Pregnant the "Right" Way?

Most lesbians I know with children consider the matter of their conception to be a private matter, i.e., none of your damn business. Some say the discretion is to protect the child, but I say it's to protect the mother from insensitive heckling.

No one wants their sexual preferences called on the carpet because of the manner in which they conceived. Whether you do it with a straight man, a gay man, unknown or deeply loved, a turkey baster, a sperm bank, planned, unplanned, or predicated on the power of prayer, a woman's satisfaction at making a baby is not to be trifled with. Don't fuck with her.

Of course, lesbians have had babies long before the modern surge of artificial insemination. Taking the sperm into our own hands has been the emblem of the lesbian baby boom, but I think that it is more a result of feminism and our economic independence. So many women are having babies on their own, with women spouses, men friends, and every other kind of new-fangled family support. It's rewarding to talk about when you dispense with the stupid stereotypes.

Tell you what, I'll break the ice. My friend Hashima put it to me at a Christmas party: "Did you inseminate...or did you party?" I started laughing and she winked. "Yeah, you partied."

That's right. I got pregnant the old fashioned way. I lay on a waterbed with

SUSIE BRIGHT

a real live man, someone whose genes and fatherly temperament I've been admiring for some time. Give me a love child. I'm pretty sure the TV was on, at least I hope it was, because all the cataclysmic sex acts in my life have been bathed in video incandescence. It was the first day of my ovulation and I remember visualizing the sperm being sucked into my cervix like a honey vacuum. It was thrilling. Biology as erotica.

The point of conception is an adventure no matter how you do it. My first science training came on the pump end of a turkey baster. In 1978, a group of five dykes tried to get our friend Beverly pregnant. Beverly lived in the country in a lesbian commune. She had a gay friend/donor who lived in a college town about ten miles away. We called him up one Sunday afternoon to see if he was in the mood to deliver a sample.

"Come over in 15 minutes," he said. He produced the magic potion in a little glass Gerber jar which I cuddled inside my down jacket for the ride home. It must be kept warm! There's also a time element, so I floored it and tried not to count the seconds.

Now for the fun part. Bev lay on a labyris patchwork quilt close to the wood stove. I flushed and cleaned the turkey baster a million times, worried that some previous vegetarian goo stuck inside would ruin our whole effort.

We were primed. Cheryl siphoned up the semen and entered the hard plastic tip in Bev's vagina. "Stick it up further!" we all said. Of course, everyone wanted to squeeze the bulb. And these were the days when possession of a dildo would have taken you on a neat ride out of town on a rail.

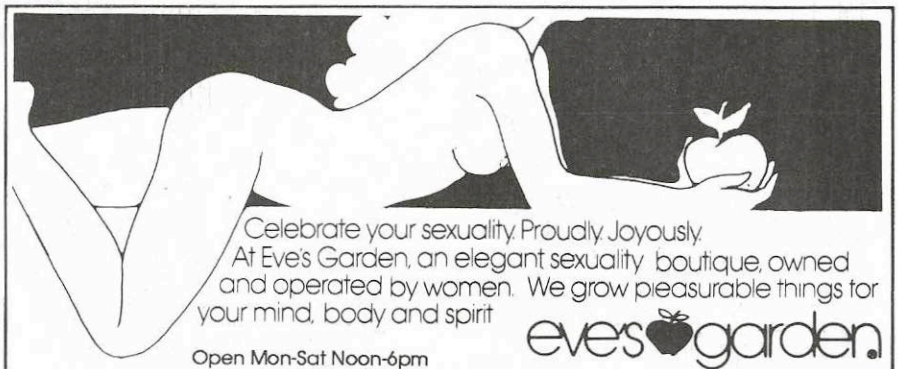
Well, we decided everyone could get one squeeze. A gang insemi-bang! We tried to " expect nothing" as we all knew Beverly was battling infertility mysteries.

We swabbed the outside of her os after 15 minutes, smeared it on a little glass plate, and put it under our high - powered magnifier. What I saw through the lens that day is what I saw in my mind's eye the night I conceived.

"There they are! They're buzzing all around!" I said. I'm sure nothing this cool was ever performed in my high school bio lab.

Next column: The Joys of 40D Breasts, Vibrating your Way Through Labor, and Should I Fist-Fuck in the 3rd Trimester?

Wish me luck — and send me your pre-natal erotic fantasies, true life experiences, and more nosy questions! Δ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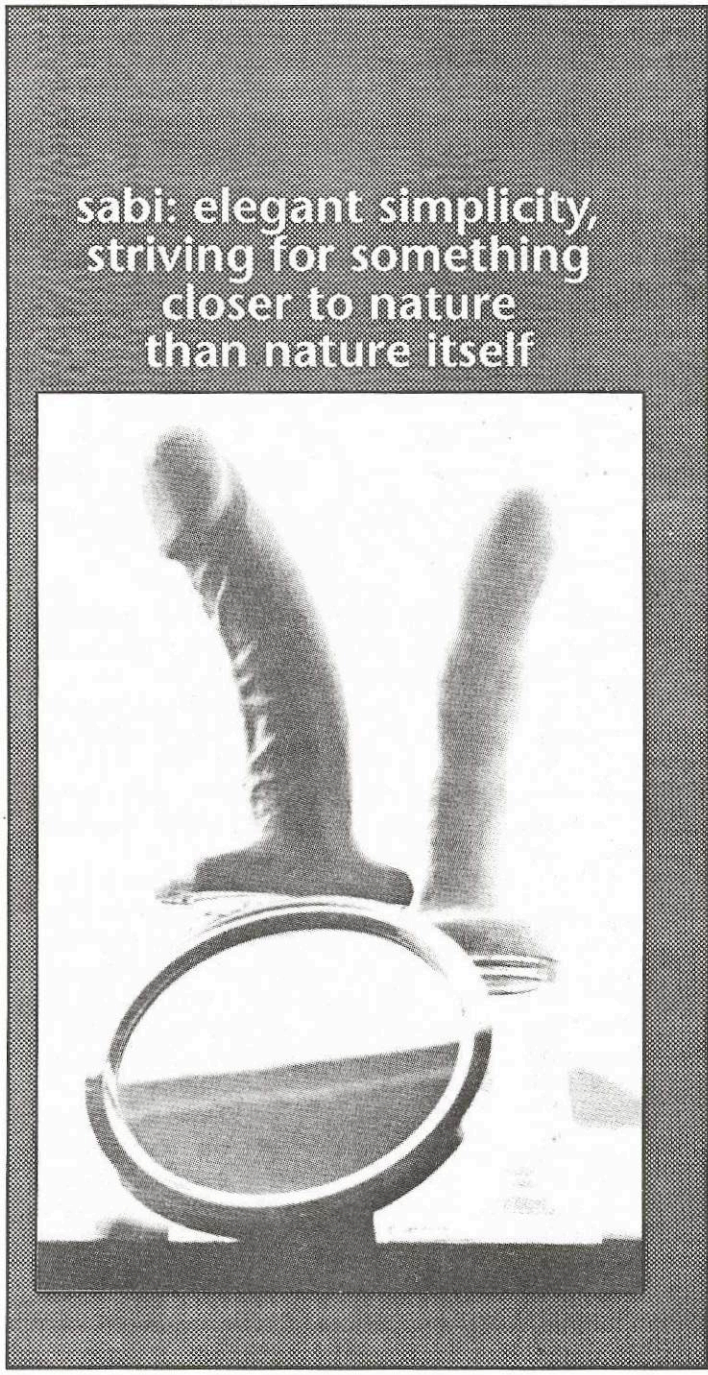

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LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE

WHERE, OH WHERE CAN SHE BE?

Dear Fanny: I went to a dinner party with my roommate, Laura. It was pretty dull except for the presence of one woman, Jennifer, who was a knock-out. I could feel the attraction between us, but played it cool when plans were made for everyone to meet the following night at a San Francisco bar.

Driving home that evening, my roommate, Laura, told me how attracted she was to Jennifer. I encouraged her to pursue Jennifer and denied my own attraction. Why? Because I don't have any trouble getting dates and she does. I wanted to see her happy.

The next day, I pushed Laura to feel confident in her pursuit. That evening, Jennifer, Laura and I sat at the same table. I know I should have disappeared so they could be alone, but I couldn't pull myself away! Finally Laura left the table to get more drinks, and that's when Jennifer asked me out. I felt ecstatic — and guilty. Of course I'm going to go on this date, but how can I tell Laura? I'm worried that it will affect our friendship and our living situation.

Should Have Been Honest
In The First Place

Dear Diz (Honest): *I suspect there is more going on than your roommate's feelings.*

We spend so much time looking in the wrong place or wasting valuable time with the wrong person - time that's better spent on looking for Ms. Right. We have a million excuses why not to put constructive energies into finding her; I must admit "feeling sorry for your girlfriend" is one of the weakest I've heard.

Why do we approach one of the most important things in our life so ass backwards? It's because of our half-baked, romantic notion that a good lover falls out of the sky. It's because we don't take responsibility for taking stock of what we want in a partner, and go out in pragmatic search of them. Such a search takes work. It takes asking ourselves some hard questions, getting focused and setting priorities. Above all, it requires honesty — not the usual way most of us fall in love.

Think about it. When you're out cruising, do you admit what you're really after is a partner? Do you let your intentions be known? Are you aware of exactly what qualities you are looking for, or do you just close your eyes and get swept away with lust to fool yourself?

This businesslike appoach may sound preposterous at first. But the sexual thrill and intimacy borne out of two checklists that match up exposes the romantic method for what it is — lightweight garbage. As for your roommate, if she begrudges your happiness, (after you apologize for white lies) find another friend. I'd suggest a checklist for qualities you want in a roommate, as well, and then interview.

BATHTUB TO HELL

Dear Fanny: My twelve-year-old daughter, Jessica, has begun a friendship with a

twenty-one year-old woman, Storm, who is a stripper. She seems to be a nice woman, and doesn't do drugs, but I'm concerned because they are taking baths together. I don't want to disappoint my daughter, as she seems to enjoy Storm. What should I do, if anything?

Doting Mama

Dear Mom: *Attention is the key here. Little fascinates twelve-year-old girls more than an older "girl" who wears make-up, has neat clothes, dates, exhibits independence, and on top of all that, wants to tell Jessica all about it. Storm gets attention from your daughter by playing the teacher's role, with some nostalgic child's play thrown in. You are flattered by an adult paying attention to your child. The allure is the innocent, playful fantasy. But Sappho's School for Girls was a long time ago, and thrived within a pro-homosexual, pedophilic culture.*

An outside role model is attractive to your daughter, especially if she does not identify with an older sister, cousin or neighbor.

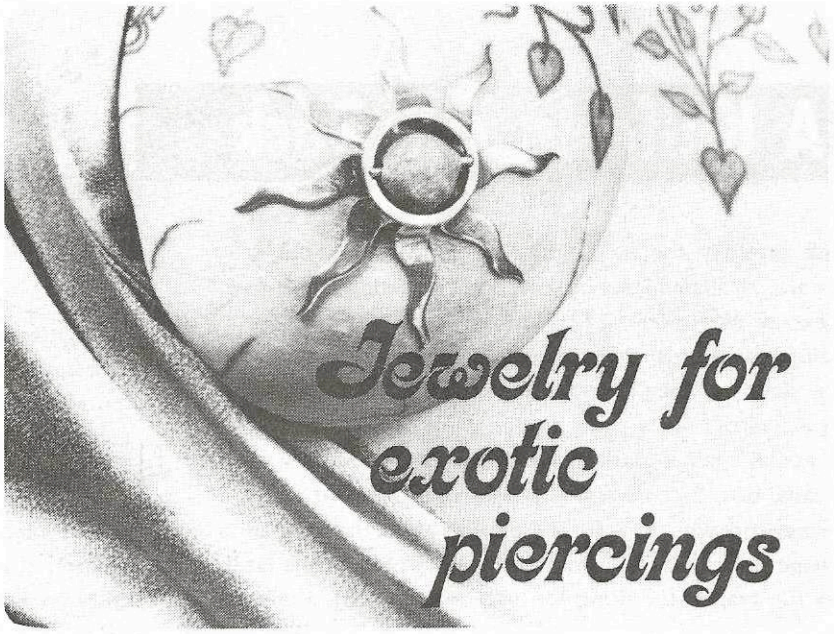
But this woman is a stranger. It is highly unlikely that she understands the emotional risks that go along with her "teacher role", abandonment being at the top of the list. Chances are that Storm's interest in your child will be short-lived. There is no avoiding Jessica's impending anger and hurt over this situation. Either you will cause it by banning the relationship, or Storm will, when she no longer cares to visit.

You are an open-minded mother, and as a lesbian are aware of non-traditional families and liberal sexual attitudes. But you are confused. Storm is not a part of your family, and you are afraid to confront your daughter's budding sexuality.

Tell Storm to get lost—for good. Spend some extra time with Jessica; buy some make-up and have fun putting it on each other, but treat it seriously, too. Talk to her about her changing interests and encourage her to spend more time with girlfriends her own age. Let her have a pajama party or some other structured activity where she feels responsible, independent, and the center of attention.

Remember one thing: Storm's bathtub incident with your daughter is courting nothing but trouble—in your family and potentially with the law. Cool it, now. Δ

Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to: Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.



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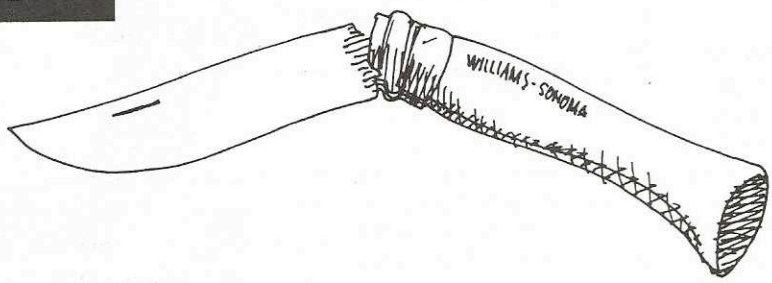
A Knife In The Back



Think carefully the next time you shop for chi-chi kitchenware. Williams-Sonoma, corporate slimedogs from hell — excuse us, makers of fine kitchen products for discriminating households everywhere — fired two Latina lesbians the day after they attended the company Christmas party as a couple.

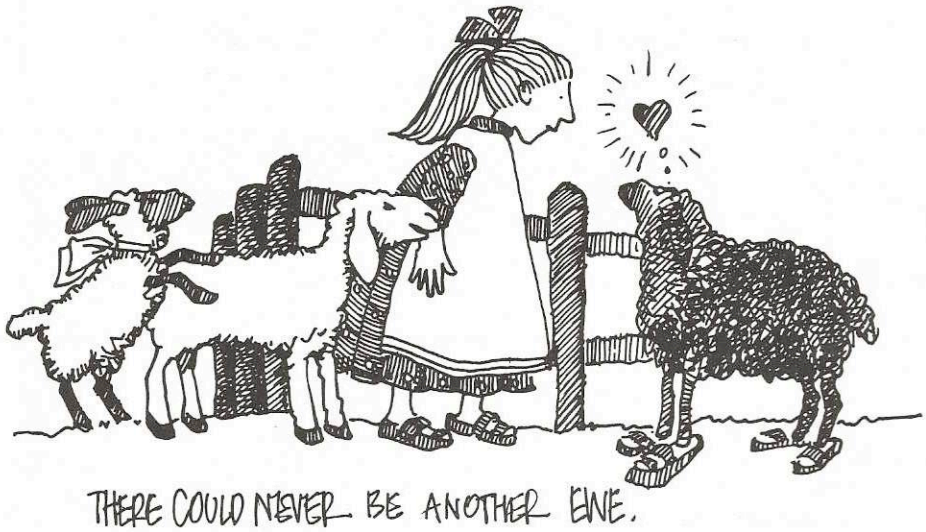
The action against Maria Elena Mestayer and Monica Jaquez came less than a week after Mestayer had filed an official complaint with the State of California about the company's unfair wage practices. Williams-Sonoma cited "excessive tardiness" as the reason for firing the two women. By a strange coincidence, straight white employees with similar tardiness records were kept on, even though the women had good work records and had both been recently promoted. Although Maria Elena sems to have been the main one marked as an ungrateful troublemaker, her lover Monica, by another bizarre coincidence, was canned at exactly the same time. According to the National Center for Lesbian Rights, "Williams-Sonoma linked Maria Elena and Monica together for all disciplinary actions. They were separated out as lesbians and as a couple."

So if you're in the market for a nice set of fish knives, remember not to stab your sisters in the back.

Oh, Baaaa–by!

The next time you hear your sexual desires condemned for being "unnatural," think about sheep.

No, no, no, that's not what we mean. (You girls are sick.) Eight percent of male sheep are practicing homosexuals, according to government officials. Anne Perkins, a doctoral student conducting research at the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Sheep Experimental Station in Dubois, Idaho, confirmed that the gay sheep "are just doing what their bodies are telling them to do," and added that the findings are not too surprising — gay sex has been observed in 63 species of mammal. The sheep practice anal intercourse and rub their penises against other male sheep's tails; their main socio-political obstacle in life seems to be not unfair shearing practices, but finding a good bottom who'll stand still and take it like a ram.



The research did not uncover any examples of lesbian sheep, for reasons which are heartbreakingly familiar. "Maybe there is a female sheep out there wanting another female, but there's just no way for us to know about it," said Perkins. "If you are a female sheep, what you do to solicit sex is stand still...it's very rare that a female sheep would mount another sheep."

But then, you've probably run into this problem in the bars.

Fuck Me, Fist Me, Sue Me For Discrimination

■

Jean O'Leary, former director of National Gay Rights Advocates, who resigned last December amidst a storm of protest, may have been an abusive manager, but no one can say she doesn't know her lesbian sex techniques. In a rage with staff attorney Cynthia Goldstein, Leary is reported to have said, "I'd like to stick my fist up her cunt, but she'd like it too much."

What Would The Pope Say?

"When two women make love, the Goddess gets stronger."

-Z. Budapest

Tantra, an ancient spiritual path which strives to reach enlightenment through sexuality, is being revived in the Bay Area. Z. Budapest, noted lesbian witch and political activist, has been teaching courses in Tantric worship for women.

Z. started the classes last fall to fill what she saw as a void in the repertoire of lesbian sexuality. The discipline involves a prolonged and unhurried meditative build-up to the edge of orgasm, staying near that edge for hours, days, or even weeks, and learning to channel the pre-orgasmic sexual energy towards emotional and spiritual healing. She describes the experience as being ecstatic "beyond orgasm," and calls it a powerful tool for increasing energy and self-esteem.

The course work involves studying images of the yoni (cunt) goddess, doing hypnotic mass-fantasy "mind-fucks," and learning to masturbate to plateau three or four times before coming. Z. says, however, that the most important part of practicing yoni worship is teaching women to shed feelings that sex is bad or trivial. She says that sexual energy equals life energy, and emphasises that "when a woman is satisfied, the whole world is satisfied."

Z. Budapest will be organizing and practicing yoni worship at women's music festivals around the country this summer, and plans to continue her classes in the Bay Area in the fall. Women of all sexual persuasions, single or couples, are invited to attend. For more information, write the Women's Spirituality Forum at PO Box 11363, Oakland, CA 94611, or call them at (415)444-7724.

Hell, No! We Wanna Go!

Remember flower power, free love, paisley mini-skirts, burning down the ROTC building? Thought those days were gone for good, shredded in the great Cuisinart of life?

Well, don't despair. A faculty congress at the University of Wisconsin has petitioned the university to shut down the ROTC — specifically because of the military ban against homosexuals. In the first action of this kind since the Vietnam War, the faculty called on the regents to cut off all ROTC activities by May of 1993 until the military drops its discriminatory policies and allows gays to join up. The faculty clearly believes that the ethical issues are important — important enough to be worth giving up two million dollars a year in military funding. There is a touch of irony, though, in the queers demanding to be let into an institution that the freaks were firebombing twenty years ago.

Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts? Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to: Sextracts, ***On Our Backs***, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Sextracts: Greta Christina
Illustrations: Kris Kovick

Bathroom Stories

JILL POSENER

The Bathroom Monitor never sleeps

Sure, I'm a little nervous. It has been at least five years since I was inside the lesbian club scene. There was a time when I *was* the lesbian club scene. My gang and I would rendezvous at the spot of the evening, fake I.D.'s in hand. We didn't pay cover and the first one to buy her own drink was a rotten lay. There was always a scene.

> *The first one to buy her own drink was a rotten lay.*

I have no regrets, but it had to end. Some of us found real jobs, some went to school, others found lovers and one found Jesus. None of us were surprised about her. We figured anybody who had spent that much time on her knees had to discover something besides rug burns.

Myself, I dropped. I discovered I had a drug sensitivity problem. When the drugs ran out, I got real sensitive. So I took care of that. Got my degree, got a lover and eventually a real job. Now I go out once in a while, but it isn't the same. It has become a spectator sport, which is okay by me. I've had my turn and a second tour of duty would be the death of me.

Katrina was part of the old gang. She needed a favor when she called tonight and I couldn't say no. Katrina had dropped out of the scene to get her business degree. Now she was running a once–a–week lesbian hot spot. I'd been meaning to stop by, but I was chickenshit. I envisioned Vogue models decked out in North Beach Leather ensembles; so fresh and young they could make Brooke Shields feel like an octogenarian.

Nonetheless, Katrina needed me. It seems the bathroom monitor called in sick at the last minute. The B.M., as the staff fondly refers to this position, is stationed in the lavatory to make sure nobody uses drugs. As payment, I'd receive an unlimited guest list and fifty bucks. So I put on my best trendbag outfit and headed for the door.

10:00 PM and here I am. The atmosphere is much less intimidating than I imagined. The music is industrial. Mode of dress: Hell's Angels meets Frederick's of Hollywood. A few girls here may not be models, but I wouldn't kick any one of

MICHELE PEARL

them out of my bed for eating crackers. Thank the Lord I seem to be blending in. No major fashion faux pas, and I am having a good hair day.

By the way, my name is Dash but only the old gang knows why. I had my raging baby muffdiver days and I was rather indiscriminate about who I fucked and where. More than once, my buddies would come looking for me only to find me in a stranger's car, seat back, with my feet on the dashboard and a face in my crotch.

I guess I hung onto Dash because I hate my real name. I kept it because I have fond memories of the days when I didn't have to listen to somebody's life story over dinner — compare political philosophies over decaf cappucino and play "getting to know you" for weeks just to get laid. Sure I'm happy now, and certainly much healthier, but once in a while I can't resist the urge to leave my footprints on the dashboard.

10:15 PM. Time to woman my post. I am experiencing flashbacks. The tacky bathroom was the heartbeat of the club. It was where we flirted, fucked, broke–up, threw up and sometimes peed. I wonder how much things have changed? I sound like Helen Hayes, when in truth I am barely thirty. But lesbian time is measured in dog years. Being out of the scene for five years is like being out of the straight world for thirty five!

10:25 PM. My first customers; two stunners. A tall redhead and a pint-size Bridgette Nielsen wanna–be. They head straight for stall number three. I am listening for telltale sniffing or other drug noises, but not to worry. These two are only doing each other. Damn, I wish these cracks in the doors were bigger. I feel like a pervert, but I am just doing my job. Of course as a recovering Catholic, I can't shake the feeling that enjoying your work is a sin.

10:45 PM. Red and Bridgette finally emerge from depths of ecstasy. Ms. Nielsen is stressing because she and Red have been gone too long. Their lovers will surely suspect. Red tells Nielsen to chill out. They will just tell their respective girlfriends that the other is having relationship problems.

11:00 PM. Hey, stall Number Two's feet are facing the wrong way! I pound on the door and announce my presence. The door slowly creaks open. Color me red. One dyke is standing facing the toilet and the other has her legs wrapped around her waist. The girls waiting in line go wild. *(continued on page 45)*

What does your ex-lover mean to you?

Are you best friends? Enemies? Do you provide emotional support for one another . . . or have you lost contact? Through dozens of personal interviews with lesbians and their ex-lovers, Carol Becker has charted the course that a break-up may take. She shows how the end of a relationship can provide a time for important personal growth, and how former lovers can also serve as the foundation for new forms of family and community.

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by Carol Becker

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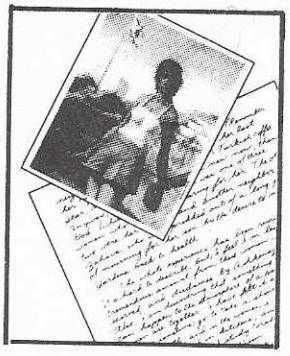
"America is my birthplace, Israel my homeland, nowhere my home."



The Law of Return is the intensely personal story of a young American woman who sets off for Israel one summer to explore her Jewish roots. Through her experiences there and back home in America, she gradually comes to terms with her identity, both as a Jew and as a lesbian.

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Jacquie Bishop

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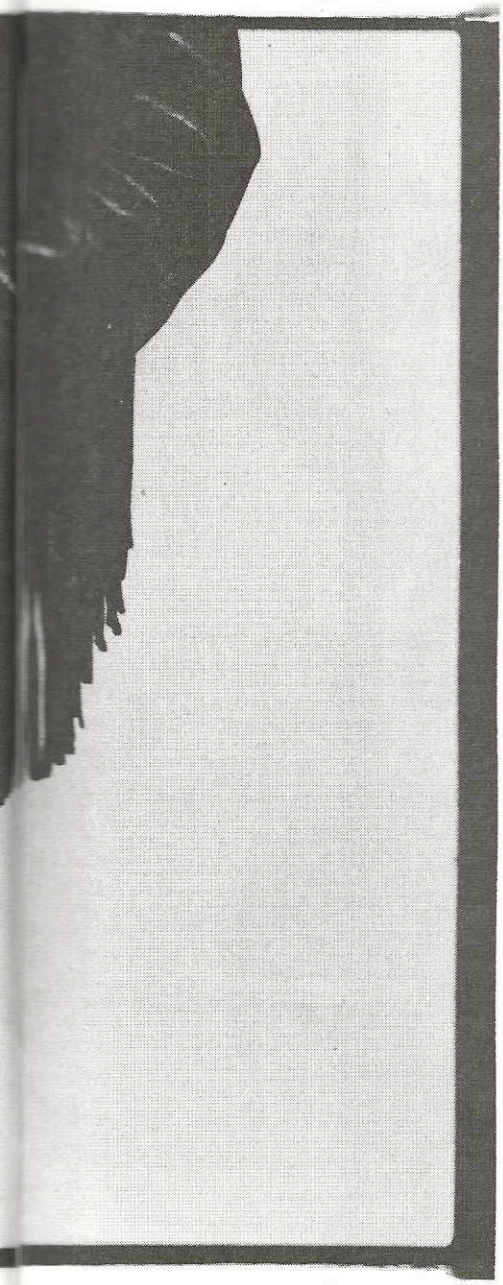
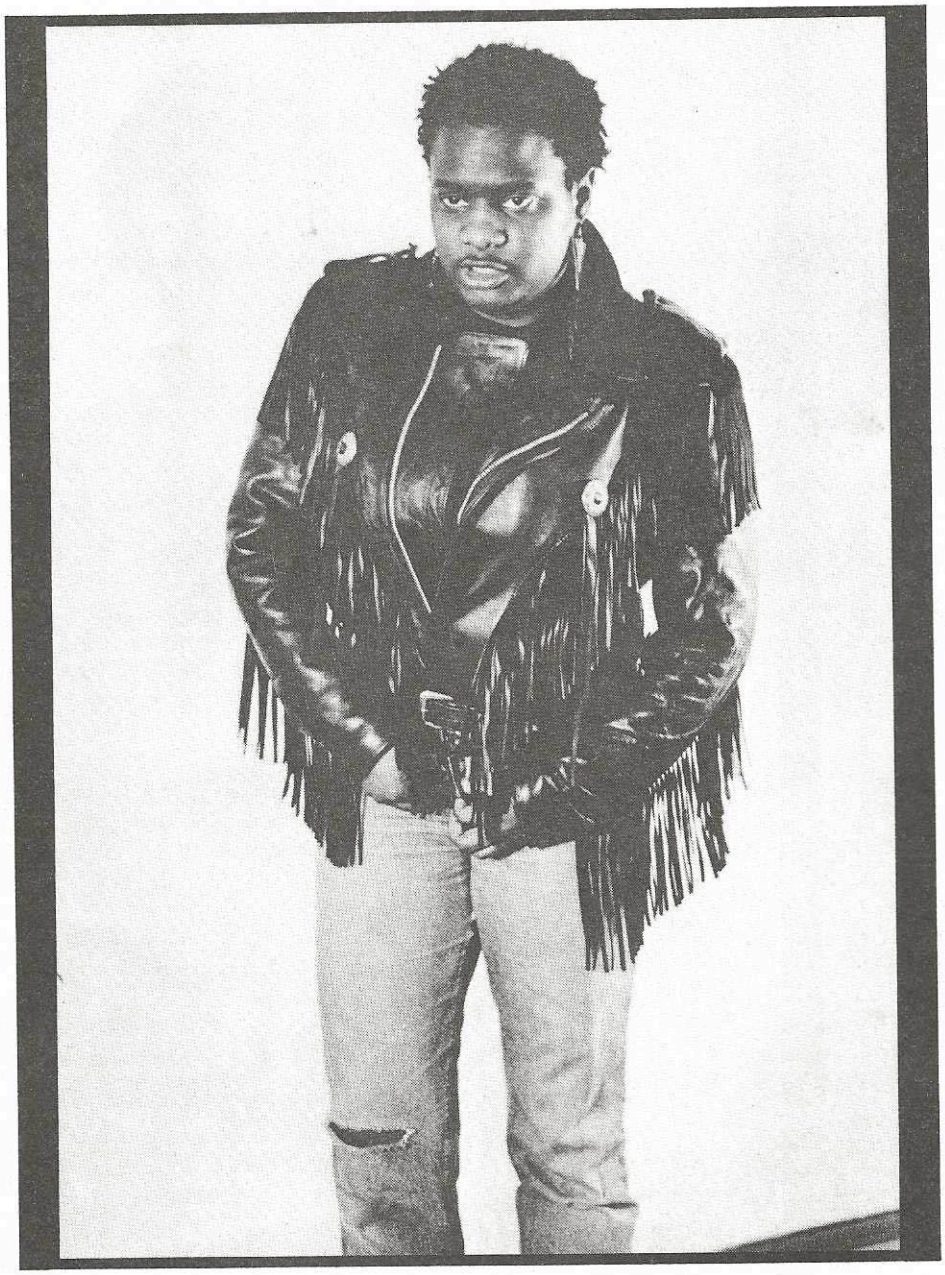


Photographs by

Morgan Gwenwald

shoulders pressed into mine i br



POWER

Pinned to the wall
your knee on my thigh
shoulders pressed into mine
I breathe

Fingers race up and down my right leg
Hot breath in my ear
lips on my neck

My impulse to push you off me
breathe
top you
pin your ass to my bed
strap your legs to the post
bite lick scratch sniff
hold fuck eat you

Fear momentary fear immobilizes me
I close my eyes and drift
You press harder
w. hand
mouth
body

drawing calling me back
I talk to my legs pray for their support

You whisper your voice is even
as you call me "slut!"
tell me how much I like it

Your tongue wet
forceful in my ear
Saliva dripping from my lobe
I pull away
your hand holds my head in place
You run your tongue alongside my cheek
forcing my lips
teeth
body open
I breathe

The Saddlemaker

by minns

Up she went, hugely black, the rider cursing her back to earth, reining her in.

I won't tell you where; I'm selfish or maybe I want to protect her. I will tell you the story because that's what the Irish do. The bad Irish, well, often they scarcely say a word.

I was burnt out after the primaries, sick of the talk and the game–playing, sick of the men. Probably most sick of the men. At least I'd made enough money writing speeches to get away for awhile. My part was over. Now it was up to the frat boys in tuxes and patent leather to deliver. I wanted out.

Out. Away. Simple words. Words I used in my work—they told me to keep it simple. The American Public wanted everything disposable, sanitized, easily digested. "Reduce. Reduce. Reduce." The new axiom. It would have made Thoreau break out in hives. Jesus, I wanted to get far away from the plastic. I wanted something deep, dusky, dark. Something that smelled of wood smoke and forest, some place the Goddesses still sang.

Now that I officially qualified, I was tired of being a yuppie, found nothing even vaguely amusing about "thirty-something" or I.R.A.'s . . . Christ . . . that was it . . . the IRA! How many years had I been brought up on it? At dinner, Dad in his bottomless cups, my long dead grandfathers and their longer dead wives—all for the glory of the Emerald Isle! I'd travelled so far from that Bostonbred greenblood, I'd almost forgotten, *(continued on next page)*

Photo by Penny Jerome

She swung me up behind her, my skirt giving a last surrendered rip, and we were off into that Irish night.

(continued from previous page)
or maybe it was because the name Kennedy had become a blasphemy in the circle I wrote for that year. At any rate Ireland would be perfect. No Club – Med – cocoa – buttered – boys – with – perfect – buns – attitudes, no Cruise Ship Enterprise, just a real get – the – Hell – out – of – America trip.

The village I found was made up of two thatched roof stone buildings, housing everything in the manner of animal care products and only a minimal amount of human comforts. Next door to the supply place was the everlasting pub.

Pub. What a short, neat, digestible sound. I'd grown up on the image. I had recreated it a thousand times, based on old Disney movies and lots of PBS specials. The Pub, where anything could happen if you let the smoky haze settle.

It wasn't until after the second warm beer that I noticed. Then I chalked it up to poor nutrition and the Irish being a very androgynous race with those lilting voices and fair–skinned faces. A closer, boozy glance into the dimness proved me wrong. These weren't small men being polite to a stranger. These weren't men at all, but a place filled with...women!

Christ! These weren't skirts made of burlap and aprons–of–lace villagers like in my picture books. These were women in tweeds and heavy brogans, smelling of clean hay, tobacco, and old leather. Cropped hair tucked into traditional wool caps, heavy vests covering breasts and no jewelry. Did the Irish pub house Amazons?

I tried to stifle a drunken giggle. It was all too much. If only the boys in the campaign could see me now! The quintessential yuppie, Irish, ex–Catholic, American–gone–celibate smack in an Emerald Isle dyke bar! The giggles kept coming, bordering on the uncontrollable. I tried to keep them back, but it was no use. Like the dotty aunt at the funeral service, I was becoming quite hysterical. Throwing some money on the table, I tumbled out, fully expecting a coterie of strong–armed Irish lezzies to follow, pelting me with beer bottles and smoldering pipes. But no one followed me into the misty night. The pub glowed softly behind me, quiet music drifted out mixed with sounds of clear voices. They were all in there together, warm, easy, honest in who they were, and I in my smug Americanism had bolted the door between us. Now that the giggles were gone, all I'd have was the moorish night. Cold, creepy, and definitely lonely.

I made my way back up the murky road fighting tears. I half expected a werewolf to tear my throat out, then remembered I was in the wrong country for that. I thought of all those women together, the heat from the fire making the room almost like a sauna, the scents of oiled leather and damp tweed. My heart beat strongly, achy, rushed. A low pull started in my belly, hot and slow, wet as the meadows around me in this odd, moonless night. Those women, so tall and strong. I couldn't get over their strength and grace. I felt my yearning through pale city skin and unused muscle. Maybe these farms I passed were theirs, but where were the men? Surely in this country there had to be men, and yet the freedom of those women was not something that could be hidden day by day, revealed only in the pub at night. It was who they were and no man around would ever allow that kind of freedom. Oh, Christ, I wanted to go back, to burst inside, pull off those rough woolen caps and run my hands over that pale lovely skin, to press into scratchy tweed and worsted and breathe them like a new kind of incense.

The sound of hooves broke my reverie. I stood on the road, unable to move. The fog lifted in spectral whorls; anything could be coming at me. The horse broke the night into shards, screaming to a halt a few feet away. Up she went, black, hugely black, the rider cursing her back to earth, reining her in. I tried to break and run, but my stupid skirt stopped any real movement and I went down on one knee, the sudden pain and hot blood almost as shocking as the horse.

"Are you all right?"

"What?"

I looked up, terrified, my knee screaming, unsure even of the direction of the bed and breakfast I was staying at.

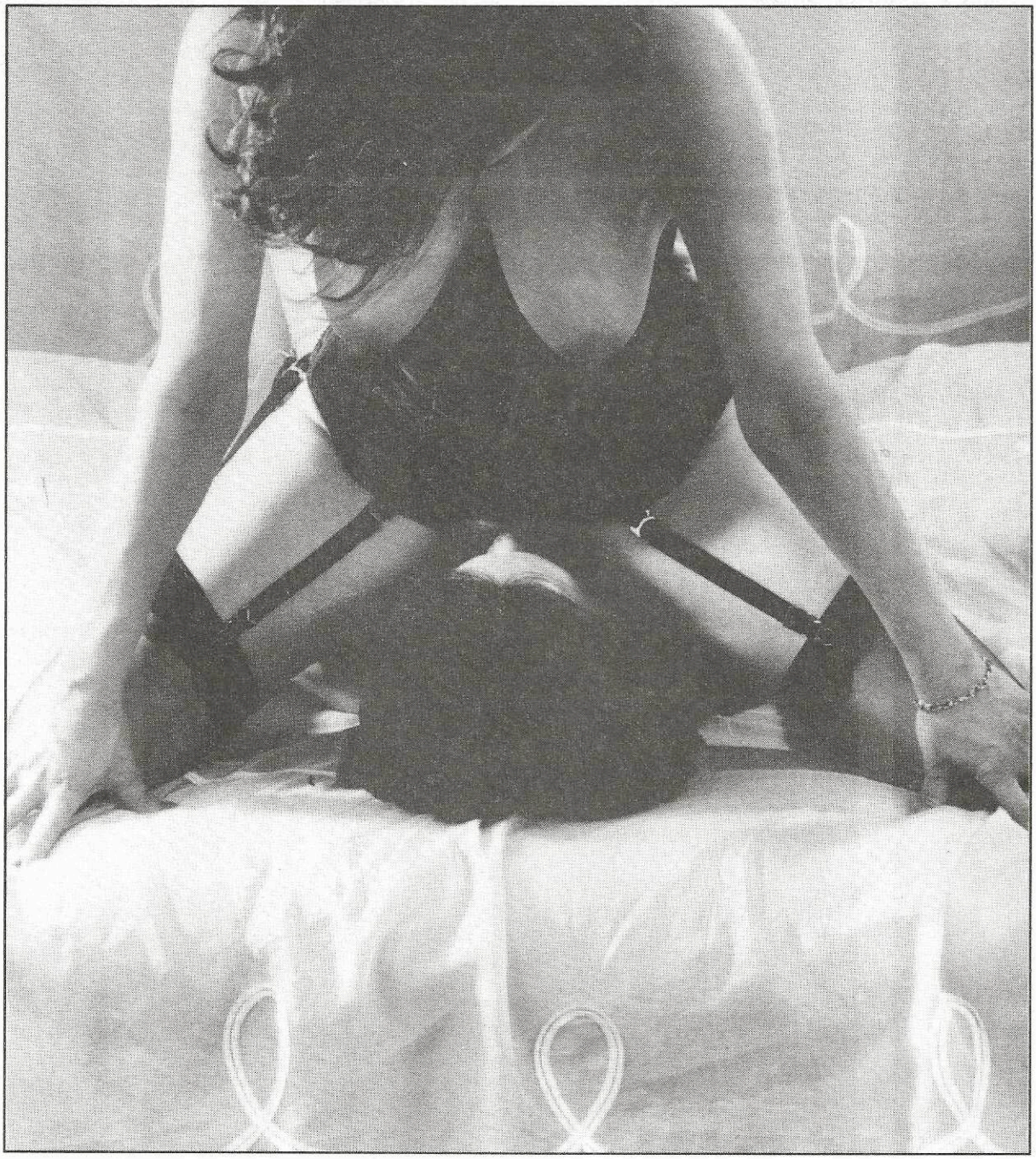
"What?"

"I asked if you was all right? O, Lord, you're bleedin'. Look, you cannot walk to God knows where with your knee all cut up like that. Let me get you home...please."

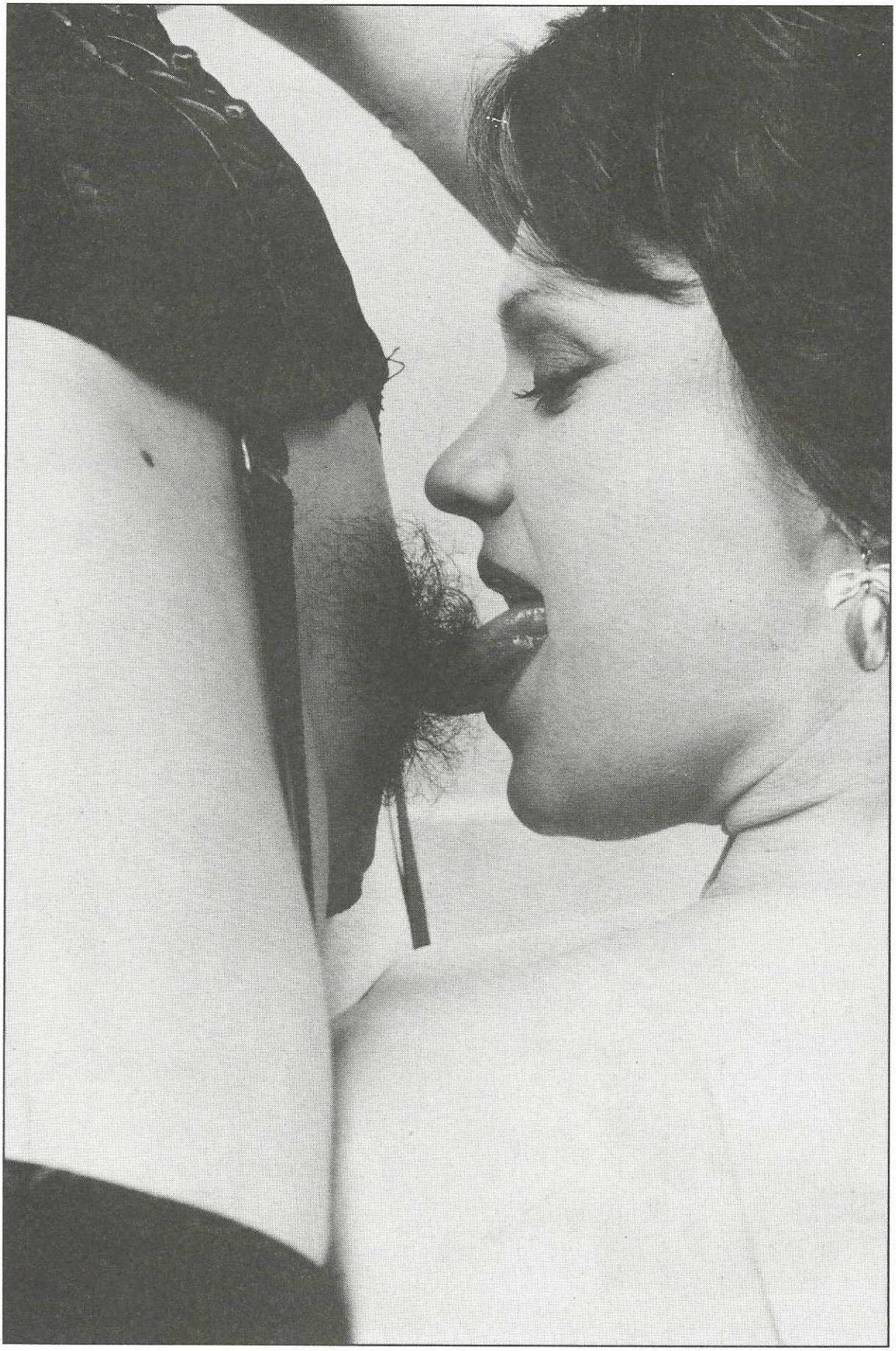
The voice was softly husky, melting me. Forgotten was the terrifying animal behind us, the crappy Banana Republic skirt that tripped me and my bleeding leg.

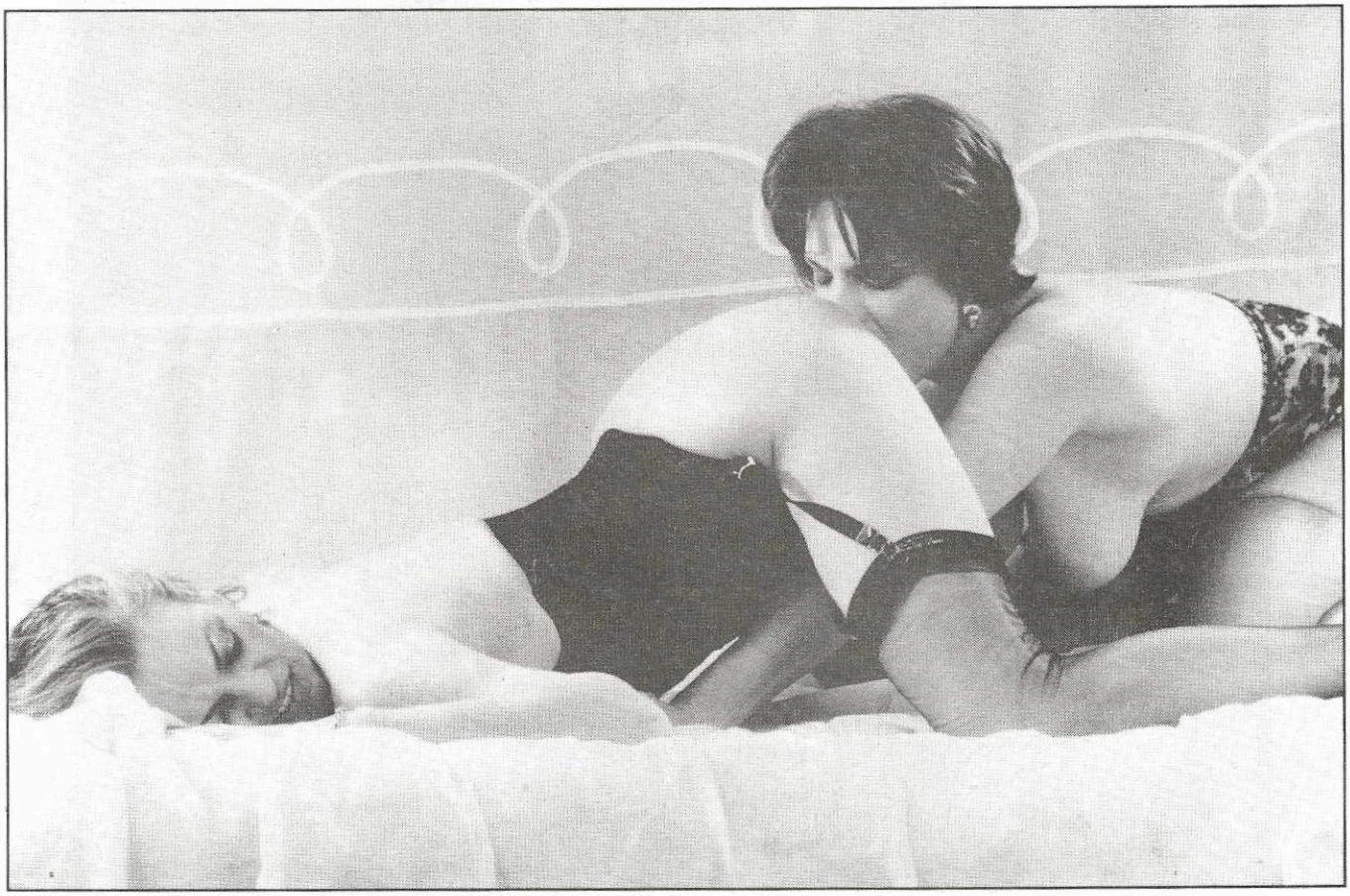
(continued on page 37)

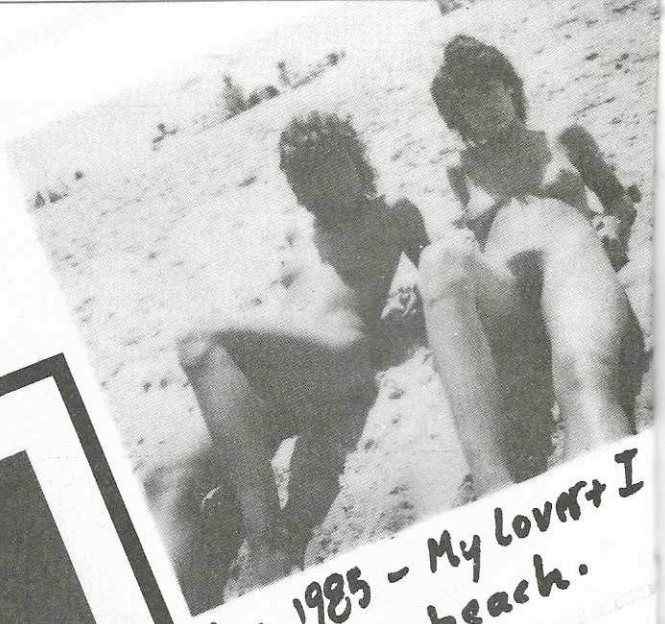
Irene & Dominé



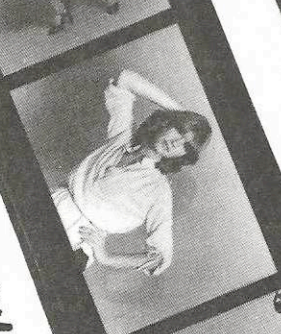
Photos by Annie Sprinkle

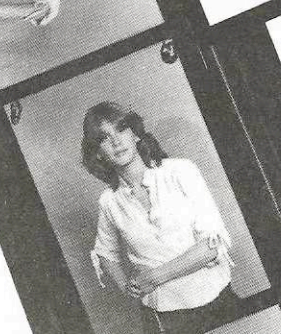






Apr. 1985 - My lover + I on nude beach.





My first modeling pictures

Suzie Jill + Lisa -
I'm in heaven!
Love - Barbara xo

cute kid over I? HA-HA-

BARBARA DARE

"It's hard to find the real passion in commercial lesbian videos, and also to find butches."

BY LISA LaBIA

Barbara Dare is a superstar in X-rated movies. It is a world dominated in direction by heterosexual taste and a male audience. It's not a world that most lesbians imagine as a place where women's relationships could flourish. But Barbara Dare is only one famous example of a porn star who was no stranger to lesbianism when she started her erotic career. In fact, she was "discovered" with her girlfriend by her side.

Barbara's story is not unusual among many women in the sex industry who call themselves bisexual, but have more native lesbian experience on and off screen that you could shake a rubber dolly at. Sexual performers are assumed to live the life they portray on screen, but they almost all privately exclude themselves from that depiction. No one has the nerve to say, "I'm a lesbian but I can fuck a man as well as anyone on screen because I'm an excellent erotic performer."

No, the closest anyone will come is the insinuation. As Barbara Dare says, "I say bisexual, but I don't need men all the time. I need women."

I met Barbara, with her personal assistant Robin, and our photo editor Jill Posener, in the undressing room of the Century Theater in San Francisco.

(continued on page 40)

Watch Out For Your Hands When You're Hungry

Story by
Diviana Ingravallo
Photos by
Tracy Mostovoy

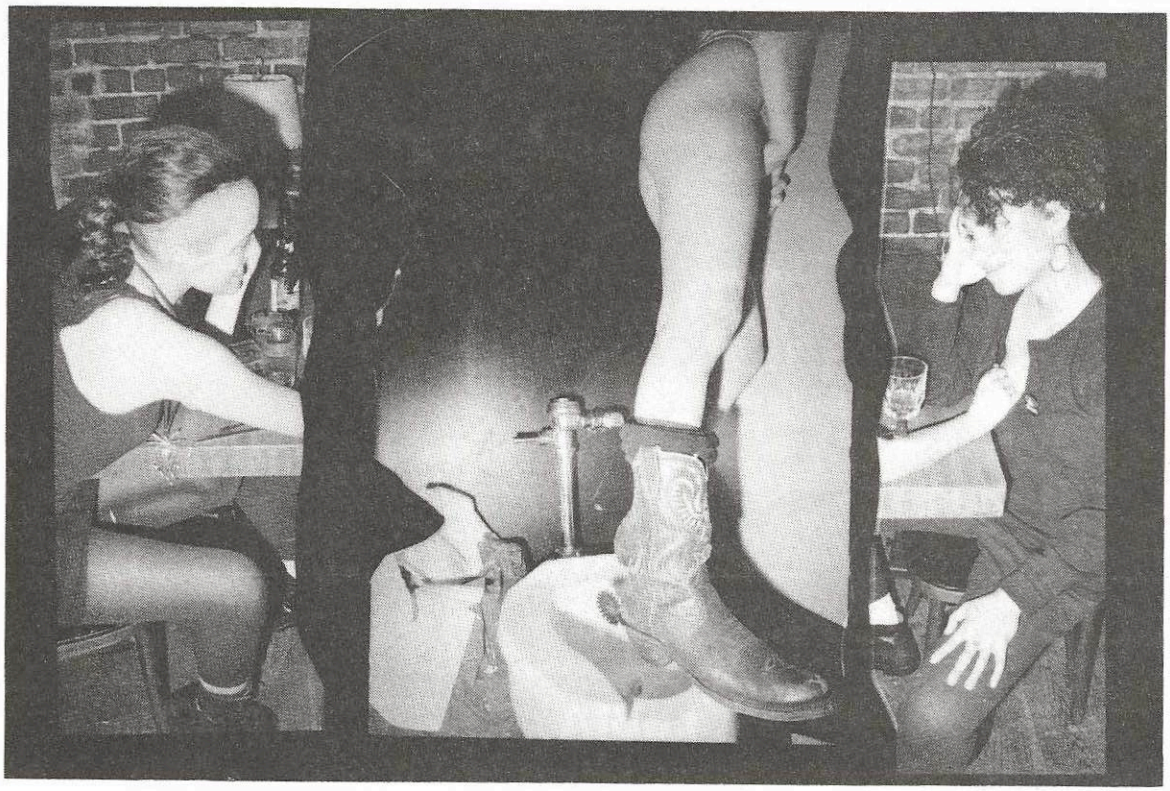
There isn't much to do in a restaurant when you're eating alone. Are you supposed to just sit and stare at your hands while consuming edible necessities?

See, I have a voyeuristic approach and attitude. No matter where I am, I love to look at women. I especially like to imagine them involved in sexual acts. I like to go for details, such as: how many flicks of the tongue per second, how many fingers, how many knuckles?

I eat out alone a lot. The other day, as I put my radar out in search of victims, I tuned into two women sitting diagonally across from me. They kinda looked alike, so I thought, not only are they lesbians, they must be lovers.

What really caught my interest was a sigh by one of them over her lasagna plate. Well, let me tell you, the lasagna in that restaurant is nothing to sigh over. On top of it, from time to time she'd smile and let her head go slightly back. I moved my chair to get a better perspective. Perhaps their legs? Yes, their legs, but most of all their hands.

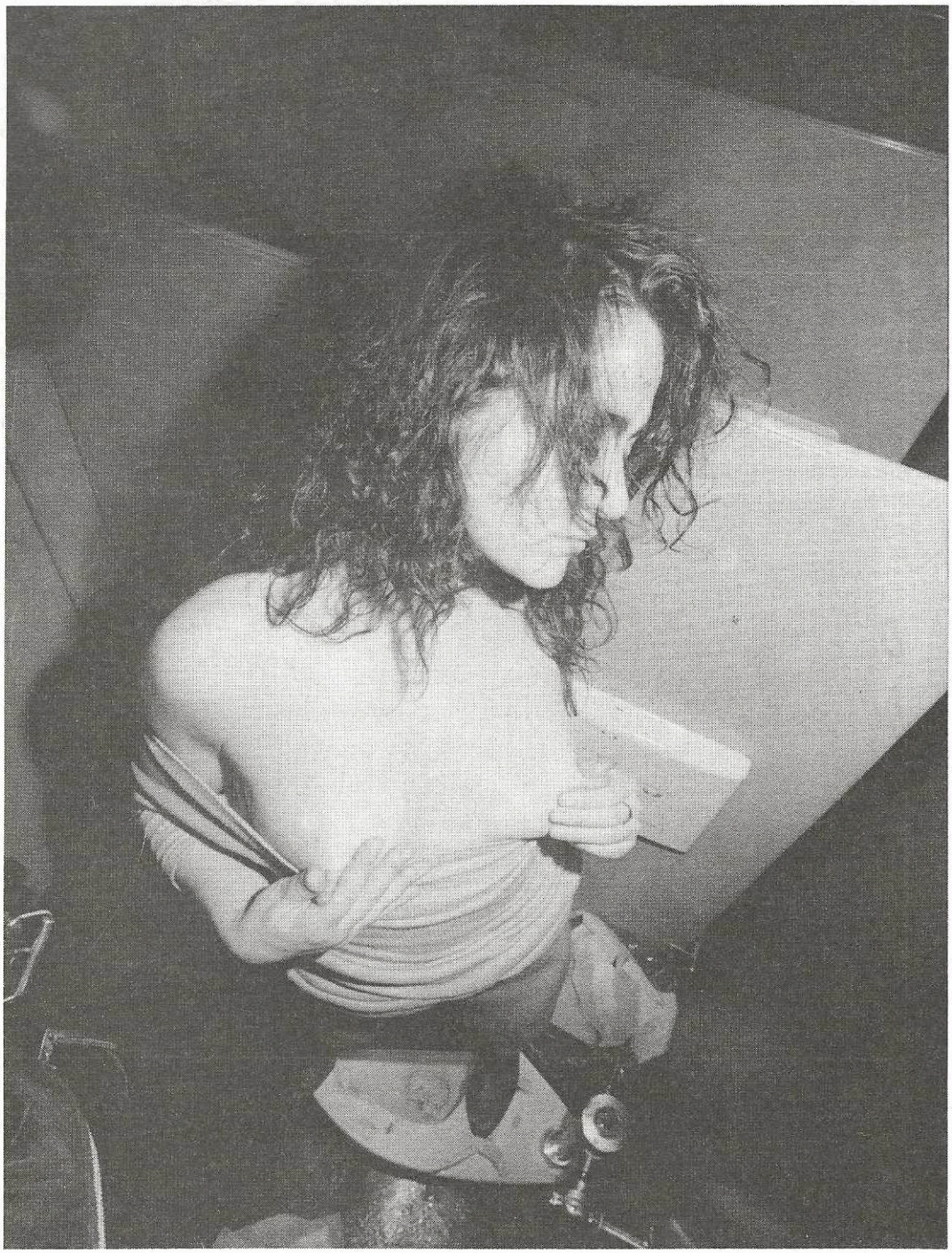
I thought I heard a Spanish and French accent, so I called them Gigi and Lolita. Lolita's hand was between Gigi's legs. She was wearing a leather garter. Her skin looked luscious. Lolita was teasing the distance between Gigi's stockings and pubic hair. At times she'd reach her fingers really close to Gigi's cunt. It was those moments that she'd smile and let her head go.



To get a better perspective, in terms of latitude, I kept throwing my knife, my napkin, and my fork on the floor with the excuse of picking them up. Soon I was heavily involved in throwing things

(continued on page 36)

I had never stood on a public bathroom stool before to see the other side of the fence.



LESBIAN LISTS

by Dell Richards
Alyson Publications, 1990

HOPE HARRIS

Dell Richards

Did you know that the first woman created was not Eve, but Lilith, who was driven out of the garden for refusing to play second fiddle to Adam? Or that the female praying mantis begins munching on the male's head as soon as they start copulating? And that even the popular TV sitcom, *Golden Girls* has dealt openly with lesbianism? Well, you can know all this and a lot more by thumbing through a copy of *Lesbian Lists*.

Lesbian Lists is just that—a compilation of lists covering every bit of lesbian ground from amazon legends to medical myths, with plenty of historical facts inbetween. A "Trivial Pursuit" for lesbians, it's filled with the kind of information that will definitely impress even Ms. Know-it-All. For example, *I* just discovered I was a big fan of coprolalia! Read on and be amazed:

Dell Richards has put together a collection of clever and enlightening facts about lesbians.

11 Clinical Terms for Sex Acts and Toys That You May Not Find in Webster's Dictionary

1 ALGOLAGNIA: pleasure inseparable from pain

2 COPROLALIA: sexually explicit language during sex

3 CUNNILINGUS: oral sex

4 FROTTAGE: belly-rubbing

5 GERONTOPHILIA: a sexual interest in older people

6 GODEMICHE: use of a dildo

7 MENAGE A TROIS: sex among three partners

8 OLISBOS: a dildo

9 SOIXANTE-NEUF: mutual simultaneous oral sex

10 TRIBADISM: genital rubbing (also: lesbianism)

11 TROILISM: a threesome

(continued on page 44)

LISA LaBIA

Fantasy by

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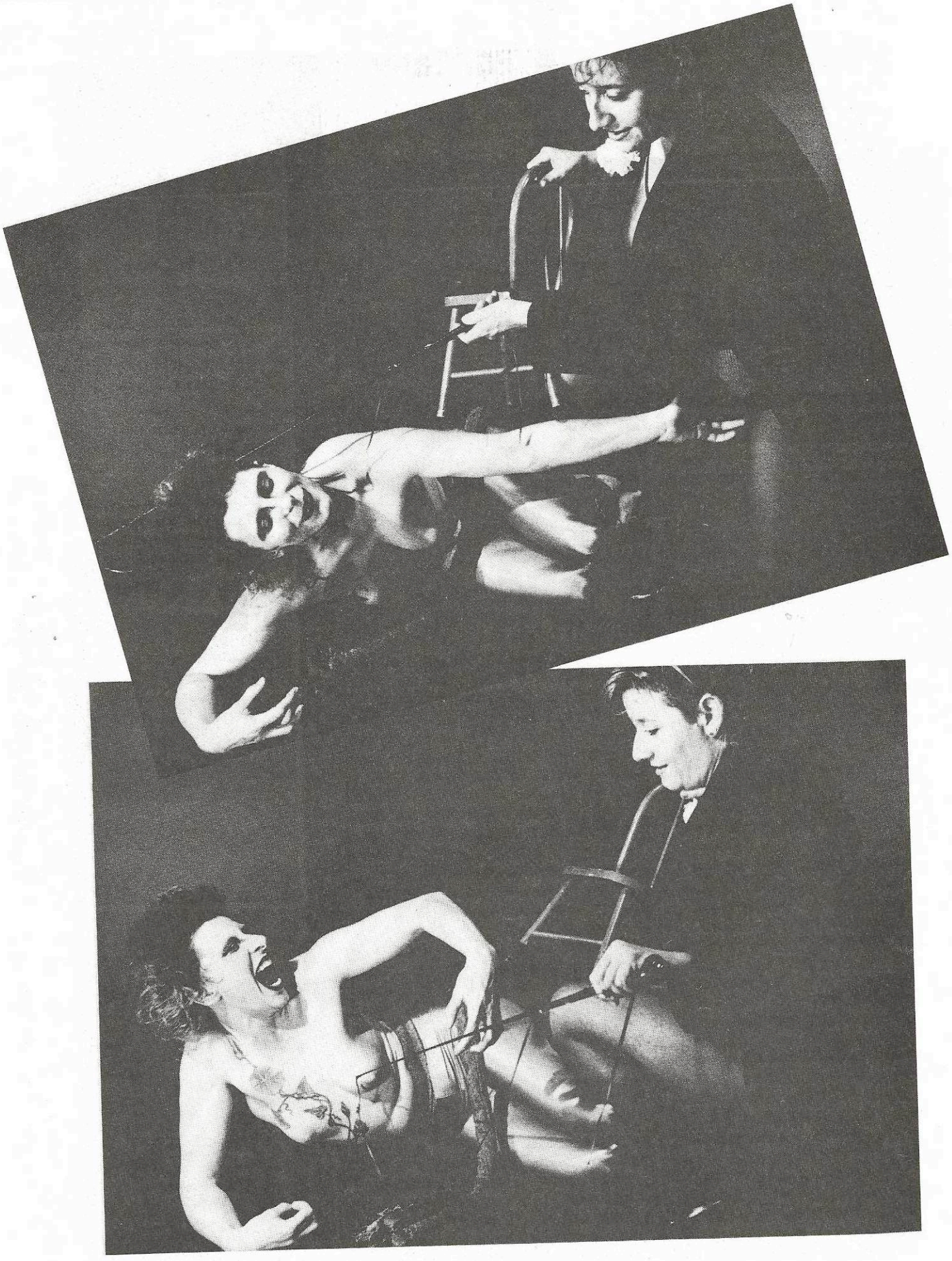
Lion tamer



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THE CRYPT

WATCH OUT... *(continued from pg 30)*

on the floor and lurking under the table. Lolita would bring her fingers to her mouth, lick them gently, and casually put them back between her lover's thighs. Her other hand was in her pocket while the lasagna was getting cold. Perhaps she was teasing her own clitoris while pushing her fingers against her lover's moist cunt. Gigi was nonchalantly brushing her drink against her breasts, twisting the glass. The ice was tinkling and her nipples were getting harder.

By now my excitement was transformed into clumsiness. Things were naturally falling on the floor without my intention. I was hot in my face, close to sweating, afraid of discovery. But it was my lucky day. With a glance, they got up and went to the ladies' room. I gave them five seconds and followed. I had never stood on a public bathroom stool before to see the other side of the fence, but this grass was very green.

Gigi was against the wall, her skirt up to her belly button. It is so practical not to wear panties. Her shirt was opened and her black lace push–up bra left her nipples exposed and hard. Lolita was kissing and sucking now one, then the other, going back and forth, drooling. With one hand she had Gigi's wrists behind her back, and with the other, teasing her clitoris. I could smell her wetness. The more she teased the harder I would rub my breasts.

Gigi started to moan softly. With one round slippery motion she slithered her fingers inside and I felt them inside of me. The faster she pushed, the harder I felt them. My voyeuristic fury had played a funny trick on me. It took me awhile to realize I was fucking myself. I came fairly fast. Gigi came in the same instant. I sat on the stool, half sweating, half euphoric, almost useless.

I heard Lolita leave. I came out. Gigi came out too. I saw her reflection in the mirror as she stood behind me, her hair undone, her face red, her lipstick faded. She smiled coyly.

I wanted to kiss her, to tell her of our cosmic orgasmic connection, but she started a different type of conversation, asking me where the nearest hotel was. She was travelling and had to rest. I told her I'd take her there.

"I'm with a friend," she said.

"I know. We're gonna make her come too, this time, " I replied.

We went to the hotel. I entered last and closed the door behind me. Δ

SADDLEMAKER *(continued from pg 22)*

"And where would you be stayin'?" The woman held out a gloved hand.

Instinctively, I took the fingers daintily in my own and stood up.

"Uh, you won't believe this, but , well, I just got into the country today and a cab, a taxi, it brought me to this bed and breakfast outside of your village and uh, I just took a walk and now I'm lost...Oh, Jesus, do I sound like a maniac?" My knee was wet, my face hot with embarrassment. Down lower, much lower, I was throbbing.

"You sound like an American." The tall blond woman smiled with her teeth amazingly white even in the damp darkness around us. She never let go of the reins. The horse walked nervously behind us and she kept it under control with one hand and me with the other.

"Well, I cannot let you alone on this road tonight. I must confess, I saw you eave the pub and figured you would be walkin'. I came to offer you a ride. The 'og's too thick this time of year. Even knowin' you was out here, I almost ran 'ou down. No tellin' what might happen o you if someone comes upon you with-)ut knowin'. I can take you up the hill till 've find somethin' that looks familiar or if ou're rememberin' the name of the 'oman you're stayin' with. I know everyne in this county." She mounted the tall orse, holding it tight.

"I feel so stupid. I don't know the ame. "Mc" something." My hot face felt :alded.

"We're all micks here, now aren't we?" ıe laughed. "Give me your hand and let e take you up. We can go to my house l the fog lifts a wee bit or till you member."

She swung me up behind her, my skirt giving a last surrendered rip, and we were off into that Irish night.

Now, I grew up outside of Boston, clinging to the edge of that small town calling itself a city. Sure I rode, in a ring with someone leading the horse and me holding on with all my might to the animal's neck, but I didn't remember it ever being like this night. The feel of the hot, hard saddle through my ripped skirt, my loafer flying into the marsh, my hair torn from its careful bun and streaming out behind me then suddenly whipping across my cheeks and lips. The taste of salt, shampoo, and sweat all mixed into a rich cocktail as we flew down the cobbled road with my arms full of this tight–muscled woman, her back like warm mossy rock.

I tried not to brush against her breasts, and to keep my hands a Catholic distance from what they most wanted to touch. This was more than lust; the woman held my life. A misstep in the dark, a twist in the road made ghostly by the fog, and we would be down with two tons of angry horse screaming on top of us. I burrowed my windburnt face into her long neck, smelling her cologne. What did she taste like under all this tweed and leather? My cunt thumped in time to the clatter of the hooves. I was burning white light liquid center, sure that when we got off, the saddle would be soaked through.

"Mmm..." she smirked, hauling off the saddle, "she's in a bit of a lather."

"Who?" I asked, unable to look at her.

"Why, who else, lass? The horse." She grinned, hanging the saddle and tack over the stall wall. "I'll be a few minutes here, got to wipe her down, feed her, fix her bed. Go in there, it's my home. Clean yourself up now and I'll be there in a bit."

The cottage was right out of the travel magazines: stone and leather, wood and light. A fireplace was the center of the south wall, roughly beautiful, glowing with red reflected light. Four windows were sheathed in lace against the deep night beyond us. A round, nicked table stood guard in the middle of the room. Four chairs kept it company, all straightbacked and proper, but clearly old and well–loved.

A hand–loomed rug filled the space under the table like an island surrounded by a wooden sea. Everything seemed cast in ruby and gold from the low burning fire. A bookcase rose to the ceiling against the fourth wall, half stocked with books, held with dishes. I smiled at the cliche perfection of the place, positive that leprechauns peeped out at me from behind books.

"You do not look like you found my sink. Here now, I won't have you bloody in this house." She was behind me before I knew she was even in the room. A gentle, slender hand touched the back of my neck, sending delicious shivers like a glitter of sparks down my spine.

"Are you cold? I can perk up the fire." She left me too soon, dammit. I wanted that hand to stay, travel down further.

"I'm fine, really , please, don't bother," I stammered, weak–kneed and wanting.

"No bother, these damp nights it's a good thing to keep the house warm. I do not like to step down onto a cold floor."

Something about the way I looked at her, stopped her midstream. She dropped

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the iron poker on the hearth and moved quickly back, her heavy riding boots resounding in the dead still room.

"What?" she whispered in front of me, those magnificent gloved hands cradling my face. My breath was ragged, as if I'd been running. All I could do was whisper, "Your name...who are you?"

Slowly she raked her fingers through my tangled hair, pulling just short of pain. It was as if the long strands were wired to my center and needles of desire went straight to my clit. I held back the moan as best I could, torn between this yawning maw of hunger and absolute embarrassment. Who the hell was I? Where was the jaded yuppie speechwriter now? Trembling, wet, and absolutely open, standing one–shoed and sopping wet in the middle of this Irish woman's parlor.

"My name is Meg. And yours?"

"Jenny. Jennifer." My throat was ash.

"Ah, you are a sweet woman Jenny–Jennifer. Sweet and bloody. Let me clean up your wee knee and see a bandage on that cut. No tellin' what's in the mud on the sides of the road now."

She took my hand and led me to the kitchen. Hoisting me like some sack of feed, she perched me on the sideboard. Gently, she took a clean linen napkin from a drawer by the sink. Warm water and soap flowed, filling the warp and weave of the cloth, swelling them as I felt wet and swollen. She brushed away the shreds of skirt from my knee, lifting the leg carefully with her strong hand and swabbed at the broken skin. I felt nothing but heat. Her fingers moved like flames against my skin. Droplets of sweat crawled down the sides of my hair.

I clutched the edge of the counter and leaned back, concentrating on those maddening hands. Please make her drop the cloth, the Band–Aids, and move her hands. God, move her hands.

"Jen, am I hurtin' you girl?"

I opened my eyes. Hers were wide with concern, the black–lashed frames making them seem even wider.

If only I could shake my head. If I let go of the counter edge, I'd fall off, trembling. When had I ever wanted anyone like this? She was a stranger, a woman rider come after me in the night. I didn't know a thing about her. Was she safe? Sane? I was an American. I needed to know.

"Jen, I need to know if you're all right." Meg's hands moved two inches up my thighs.

My skin responded by breaking out into a clean sweat. I could smell my own

sex now. How could she miss it?

"Meg," I barely whispered, my lips feverish.

"Oh, lass." Her hands dropped the bloodied cloth. The calloused skin of her fingers made a ragged ascent to my softest flesh. With every breath I took, those magnificent hands moved upwards. She stopped for a moment and I held back a scream long enough to feel the skirt rip in two and drop beside the soiled linen below me.

"Don't talk. Don't talk now . . . shhhh . . . sure I can tell by lookin'." Her fingers found the edges of my Jockeys for girls. She smiled and in one move the material was pulled from my wet thighs like so much lace.

"You don't need these, you don't need anythin'." Meg's hands moved in quick circles across my hair, wet swirling motions making the fever rise.

"Please, please," I croaked.

"Shhh...nothin', be quiet now." She moved her hands to the edge of my sweater. Up, over, dislodging my grip on reality. The sweater joined the remnants of skirt on the kitchen floor, then the bra, soundless except for my deep sigh as her hands closed tightly over my aching nipples. Calloused tips touched the burning velvet of my skin with a sharp, biting pinch as she tested my hardness. My moans were so deep they shook me, almost bringing me to orgasm. I wanted to drink her in like good Irish whiskey, feel those full, steady lips on my own, the thrust of those hands deep inside where the ache was growing.

Meg's mouth pushed against mine, her breath as sweet as the heather, her tongue filling me, thrusting, sucking, opening me. My hands were around her neck then, holding on as she moved my legs father apart. I held her as I had held on to the necks and manes of horses I'd ridden as a child.

Meg pushed against me, splitting me wide, my wet ass making slapping, sticky noises on the counter. Suddenly, she pulled her tongue away and I was emptied. Frightened, I tried to pull her back, but she was stronger and moved slowly, making me wait, taming and cooling me, forcing me to her rhythm, refusing me my time. I was wet and hungry as a new foal and she licked me everywhere. Washing me with her burning tongue, memorizing me with her rough fingertips. Down over the belly made flat in American gyms, the false strength gone soft with desire for her, down into the tangled, wet, mossy cunt, the wild place where scent rose like steam and her damnable Irish tongue split me wider still, filled me and found the knot of flesh that held and kindled my fire for too long. Her tongue lashed me into flame, the screams coming, the impossible silence broken. Riding her tongue and lips, mouth and hands, those white teeth grazing the edges of my pleasure, their sharpness making me wince, replaced immediately by the boiling swatch of fire from her tongue, her chin deep against my cunt, her hands even deeper, pulling me, making me ride to her , my own hands tangled in her wet curls, pressing and riding and she taming me, peeling me open and back the target of her delight. And then, the kitchen was filled with my screams, her name, her name, her name. I was nothing but that point of light, taken to the edge of the sun, burst open, shattered, screaming her name.

We never really said goodbye. She said it was only the good Irish who talk much; the bad, well, they say nary a word. I believe her.

Two months later I was back in the City, preparing final campaign speeches and press releases. I'd written at least four letters to Meg and received nothing to tell me she'd even gotten them. Then, one morning, the office manager came in with a huge crate. Everyone stood around while we scouted out tools to open the thing. Two broken screwdrivers and a Swiss Army knife later, the smell of new leather filled the candidate's headquarters. A gorgeous, hand–tooled saddle sat in the middle of the packing crate.

One of the P.R. boys ran his hand covetously over the fine grained leather. He stopped suddenly, carefully smoothing back the hide.

"Hmmm...too bad there's an imperfection. Maybe it buckled in the trip over. This ridge will make it useless for riding."

They all took another look at the saddle, admitting it would make a beautiful "art" piece for my condo, then went back to work. I touched the saddle lovingly. The imperfection ran down the seat dead center, about as wide as a finger and maybe half an inch high, tooled perfectly in the Celtic design of the rest of the seat. It was no accidental buckling.

Tearing open the rest of the packing material, I finally found the gift card. All it said was,

Jenny–Jennifer,

This is my own design. Think of me when you ride.

Love, M.

I do. Δ

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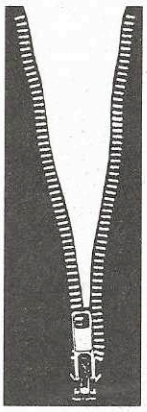

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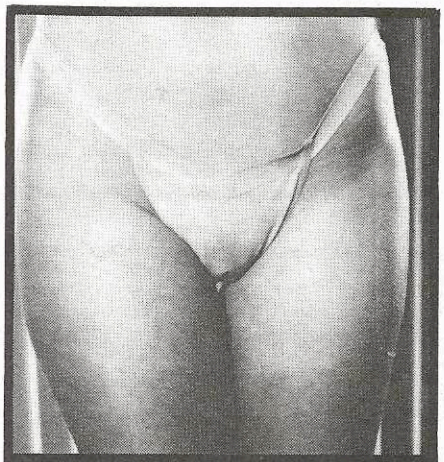

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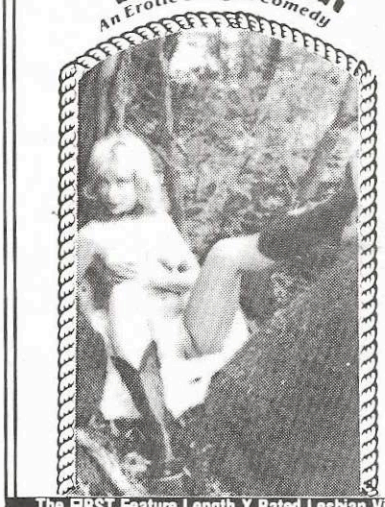

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BARBARA DARE *(continued from pg 29)*

Lisa LaBia: What was your family's attitude towards sex when you were growing up?

Barbara Dare: My mom was always very open about sex, and even to this day she knows everything about me. She knew I was bisexual when I was young and totally accepted it. In fact, she would even joke around and hit on my girlfriends! My father, the Jewish dentist, was more conservative but still fairly open. I was always very independent. I wouldn't call it rebellious because I always had a good relationship with my family and I still do.

LL: Do you feel that your Jewish upbringing had any impact on your sexual attitudes or explorations?

BD: No. I went to Hebrew school for about six months and quit. I never practiced it. Religion has no bearing on my life at all.

LL: What did you want to be when you grew up?

BD: A high fashion model. But I realized that I was too little and not pretty enough. Look at Paulina! So, I started doing nude modeling for an artist named David Sallie. That was the very first nude thing I ever did.

LL: Was that how you got into the sex business?

BD: Actually, it started with Plato's Retreat, which is a sex club, a swing club in New York City. I used to go there with my Portuguese girlfriend, Leonore. Sometimes we'd end up with other couples, but most of the time we were just with each other. We never went into the orgy room. I don't like it when I don't know who's touching me. We'd go into a private room and leave the door open, so people could come and watch. It was the biggest turn-on. We always wore a g-string and boots. We were too cool! We'd walk around holding hands and every couple in the place wanted to be with us, I think because there weren't very many gay women; it was mostly straight. I met a lot of people who were in the adult business and they suggested I get into X–rated films.

LL: What made you decide to go to Plato's Retreat in the first place? Were you always an exhibitionist?

BD: I guess so. Just like I've always been attracted to women.

LL: Does this give you a sense of power, knowing that people are watching you and getting turned on?

BD: I don't think I'm great because

I'm a sex star and that the world should look up to me. Basically when someone walks up to me on the street and asks me for my autograph, it doesn't make me feel *great*, it makes me feel good. It makes me feel good that there are people watching my films and appreciating what I do.

LL: What was your first film?

BD: The first film I did was in an X–rated movie theater in New York. There were no showers, no dressing room. It was gross. Afterwards, I walked out of there thinking, 'What did I just do?' I was freaked out.

People think that all I want to do is fuck and suck and actually I'd rather shop!

LL: Why did you stick with it?

BD: I was getting a few calls from New York from people who were telling me how great I could be, and that made my ego feel good. I was also told by a variety of people, that I just got cast in a really bad film. But the idea of appearing in films was still appealing to me. The money was also appealing.

My first real films were directed by Henri Pachard: *Lilith Unleashed* and *The Oddest Couple*. Other producers heard about them in Los Angeles and I started flying out to the West Coast. I realized that if I used my brain, it could be a good business. Within two days, I met with Essex Video and signed a contract for ten films a year.

LL: Ten a year?

BD: Does that seem like a lot? It's actually a small amount. Because I've been in the business five years and I've made about sixty films, excluding some compilations. Most of the girls average about fifty films in one year. Their pussies get really worn out! I love the sex but it's a business too. Right from the beginning, I got royalties on my films. Essex Video really made Barbara Dare. I've turned it into a business. I'm incorporated. I have the Barbara Dare Fan Club and I write for Swank magazine (a men's magazine). I do personal appearances and dance in the clubs, so I'm running a very profitable business.

LL: So what makes you so smart? Here's this bright-eyed newcomer who's suddenly got financial control when other performers aren't so lucky?

BD: When Essex Video wanted to put me under contract, I asked for $100,000, right off the top of my head. I figured $10,000 a film if I was doing ten films. They said yes. Normally, if people do a film they work a day or two and make $800-$1000 per day.

It's a difficult business to be in because of society. I'm in a business that most people look down on, which bothers me because I'm doing very well for myself. I'm travelling around the world, I'm writing. Meanwhile my family, and probably my friends, would all rather I be doing something else. It's a very hard thing to live with. And because of that, I want to be financially successful.

LL: What constitutes a good adult film?

BD: The production quality and the sex. Right now, there's too much emphasis on what the box cover looks like. That's what makes today's porn star; she's pretty and she looks great on the box cover. They're getting away from hot sex, which is what makes a good movie. There's something I call "yuppie porn" which revolves around cute little stories. But I'd rather see stuff like *Cafe Flesh* or *Behind the Green Door*, stuff that's about sex and is very surrealistic. My next film is called *Behind Closed Doors*, and I want to make it more fantasy oriented.

LL: Who are some of your favorite women to work with?

BD: Erica Boyer. She loves women. Ginger Lynn, who's doing R–rated stuff now. But she was a hot kisser; I mean she really knew how to kiss! I love working with women who love women. I've done scenes with women who aren't really into it and that's a drag. People like Sharon Mitchell and Nina Hartley are fabulous. I prefer women.

LL: How long have you been with women?

BD: Since I was 14. I discovered women when I was a freshman in high school. There was a girl who was a senior, and while we never said the word "lesbian", I had to meet her. We were together about eight months but she wouldn't take her clothes off! She wanted

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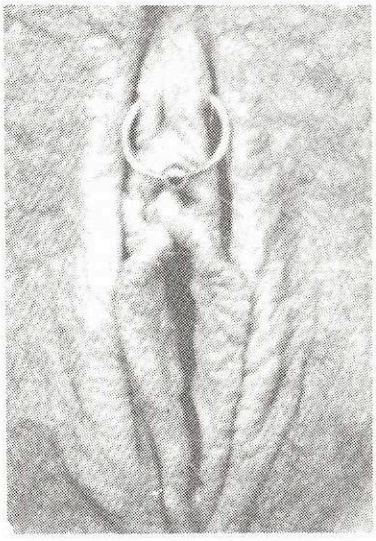

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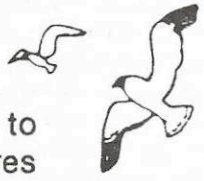

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to be a man. So she would do me and after a while, I decided this isn't what I want. I wanted somebody who enjoyed being a woman. But I like men too.

LL: Do you define yourself as bisexual?

BD: Yes. I say bisexual, but I don't need men all the time. I need women.

LL: Do you have trouble balancing sex as a career with personal relationships?

BD: I really keep it separate. When the camera's rolling, it's work. I enjoy it and I'm moaning because I feel it, but when I'm in a relationship, it's warmth, it's love. I don't live Barbara Dare 24 hours a day. People think that all I want to do is go out and fuck and suck, and actually I'd rather shop!

Most of the films I'm doing now are lesbian films. And all the other films I'm doing with my one boyfriend, a decision I made recently. First because of AIDS. Second, I'm at a point in my life where I can't deal being with men that I don't care about. Personally, I'm a lot more into women than men. So for me to be with a man right now, I have to really care about him. I try to keep this quiet, because I think the public wants me to be Barbara Dare, the fantasy. I'm doing four films with him this year; the latest one is *True Love*. It's harder for me to work with someone I care about.

LL: Do you like to watch sex films?

BD: Yes. When I'm home alone, I occasionally watch films. I never watch a heterosexual film. I'll only watch two women or two men. I like watching gay men. I don't like the ass fucking, but I like the sucking and the kissing. And when I need to come, it usually takes all of about 3 seconds. I've been using this industrial strength vibrator that I love! The Magic Wand. It's hard to find the real passion in commercial lesbian videos, and also to find butches.

LL: Why do you think the industry in general is so lacking in its sexual spectrum?

BD: The video companies know what sells. They're interested in a male market. They don't know about the market for lesbians, and they don't care.

I've walked in to my company with many different ideas. I've said 'Let's do a black and white box cover', but they know what worked in the past and they stick with it. The butches just don't go to the agencies. I think they see the boxes covered with blonde starlets and assume they don't fit the image.

LL: If you were to direct a really

hot scene, what would happen?

BD: Dogs! No, just kidding. I'd like to have two people involved on screen that are really involved in a relationship. I'd like to bring out more of the emotions. As soon as the cock is out, it's over, but it's all the elements before, that I find erotic. Candida Royalle does that. She doesn't even show any cum shots.

Will people really want to know this, or do they want to keep me as a fantasy?

LL: **But some of her stuff gets boring. Now we've got the elements of love and sensuality, but it's dull. Something's still missing.**

BD: Maybe we need to start avoiding the glamour and going for the natural look.

LL: **What's your type of woman?**

BD: That's a difficult question, since I appreciate all kinds of women. I don't like women that are very, very, femme. I like pretty women and I like butches. I like to be seduced. And women who have never been with a man, that's a turn on for me. I'm not good at picking up women at all. I end up having a lot of staring contests. I wish I was more aggressive.

LL: **Do you practice safe sex with women? You know, *On Our Backs* is a big fan of dental dams and latex gloves!**

BD: It's stupid, but with women, I usually feel okay. I get tested every few months. Now I'm only doing 3 or 4 films a year, mainly because of AIDS. AIDS is such a drag. I want to use condoms and the company I work for says okay, but not all the time. Their reasoning is that the viewers want to see Barbara Dare doing everything they can't. I worry about my health, but not too much because I don't do anal and I don't shoot drugs.

LL: So if you're making four films a year, what do you do with the rest of your time?

BD: I dance, so I'm on the road in the U.S. and Canada. I write for *Swank,* and hopefully I'll be writing for a magazine in Paris. It's a gossip column, so the people in Europe can keep up with the stars! You know, who had a boob job...

LL: Are you politically active?

BD: No. I stay away from politics.

LL: **What women did you have a crush on as a teenager?**

BD: Jaclyn Smith. I've always loved Jaclyn. But now I'm really in love with Kim Basinger. And Michelle Pfeiffer .

LL: **Who's your dream date?**

BD: Probably Kim Basinger. No, Cher. God! How could I forget Cher! Cher is a goal in my life. She is death. Do you love Cher? I mean she's hot and sexy, but really tough and doesn't take shit from anyone! Isn't she bisexual, too?

LL: I've learned never to make assumptions about these things!

BD: Should I tan my whole boob and get rid of these stupid lines? I think the lines make my boobs look small.

LL: No, they look very nice. You've got great nipples. Mine don't stick out unless I'm cold.

BD: Mine never go down.

LL: I bet they don't!

(Looks at dressing room clock)

BD: Is it almost show time?

LL: Almost. What are some of your other future plans?

BD: I am going to be doing this new phone thing through the Mitchell Brothers' theater in San Francisco. It's a 900 number where you can call in and find out what and how Barbara Dare is doing every day. People will also be able to leave messages and the plan is, that I'll be able to answer the question on the following day's recording. But it's not a sex line and I'm wondering how well it will do. I'm sure there are fans who'll want to know what I'm doing, but there will be days when I'm PMS'ing and I'm going to say it! Will people really want to know this, or do they want to keep me as a fantasy? What do you think?

LL: I think it's a great idea. I think it will give you the chance to help dispel a lot of myths regarding porn stars, especially that they're all bimbos. Maybe you'll even get to met some hot women!

(A knock on the door...Show time)

LL: So what films would you recommend for *On Our Backs* readers?

BD: *Where the Boys Aren't,, Femmes on Fire.* In *Blame it on Ginger,* Ginger and I have some great scenes together. I told you she's the best kisser. Δ

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REVIEWS *(continued from page 32)*

18 ALLEGED CAUSES OF LESBIANISM

1. Masturbation (1600's through early 1900's)
2. Faulty nervous organization, which can also lead to dementia and death (1890's)
3. Cerebral abnormalities (1890's)
4. Fear of pregnancy (1890's)
5. Female friendships (1890's)
6. Being allowed to dress like boys (1890's)
7. Being allowed to play with boys (1890's)
8. Feminism (1890's)
9. Separate schools for girls and boys (1890's)
10. Women's colleges which encouraged athletics and the "masculinization" of the female mind (1900's)
11. Co-ed colleges (1900's)
12. Childhood trauma (1920's)
13. Being an only child or the first-born (1920's)
14. Shortage of men following World War I (1920's)
15. World War I: Emotional trauma caused by the separation of men and women during the war and also, women taking over men's jobs (1920's)

16 Overfunctioning adrenal gland (1930's)

17 Glandular imbalance (1950's)

18 Poor parenting (1960's)

MASTURBATORY OBJECTS, REAL OR ALLEGED?

1 **SEWING MACHINE PEDALS**

An 1869 medical journal warned factory supervisors to look for women who were pedaling too fast.

2 **HORSES AND SADDLES**

Riding has long been thought to ruin virginity. Besides, it's considered way too much fun by people who would rather little girls sat at home quietly.

3 **DOORKNOBS**

Part of modern mythology, doorknobs go along with Coke bottles (1950) and hairbrush handles.

4 **DILDOES**

One of the few actual masturbatory objects, dildoes have been made form almost every imaginable material over the centuries, including leather with pigs' bladders tied to the end, wood, and ivory. Even a phallus-shaped plant which when soaked in water hardens and becomes stiff, has been used.

5 **RIN-NO-TAMA-BELLS**

These Oriental inventions originally consisted of two silver balls, one with a drop of mercury inside and the other with a tiny metal tongue that vibrated. When placed in the vagina, the slightest movement of the hips created an erotic sensation. These toys were first brought to Europe in the eighteenth century. The modern version has three bells. Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

Midnight. The line isn't moving. I yell, "Come on, give everybody a chance!" From stall Number Three I hear, "Don't worry! When I 'm done she'll give everybody a chance!"

Suddenly my dreamgirl comes rushing towards me. Bleach blonde, size 7, 5"6, blue eyes. "Stand in front of me!" she says. I obey. I glance in the mirror to my left. Oh my god! She is pissing in the sink! I knew I had to do something. When she's finished, I grab three paper towels and label them, Drama, Sex, and Pee. Using leftover pro–choice stickers, I affix them to the stall doors. After that, things ran smoothly.

1:00 AM. The homestretch. Red and Ms. Nielsen are making out at the end of the line. Two girls emerge from the Sex stall kissing and giggling.

"So you've been fooling around on me?" Red snarls at one of them.

"And you! I busted you!" shouts Ms. Nielsen, over Red's shoulder.

I am in a tailspin. This has got to be a joke. Which one of these dykes is Alan Funt in drag? So Red and Bridgette are fucking each other while their lovers are doing the dirty with each other! Red screams with righteous indignation, grabs Ms. Nielsen and says she wants to be alone tonight. They'll talk tomorrow. On her way out, Red winks at me. Damn she's smooth.

When the dusts settles, it's almost closing time. I am suddenly aware of struggling sounds coming from the Drama stall. "Everything okay?" I ask.

"Dash?" is the response. "Dash, I need help!"

The stall swings open and it's Charlie. One of the old gang. We nicknamed her Charlie because she was great in bed but she took so long to come you'd get a charlie horse in your jaw. Now, Charlie has a different problem. Due to circumstances she preferred not to discuss, a dildo was stuck inside her. Ten minutes later, it's out. She is thankful and I'm wet. But she's dating Katrina, so I pretend it's nothing. See ya 'round.

1:30 AM. Katrina comes in , thanks me and gives me the money. "Anytime," I say, and I mean it. I am fifty bucks richer but also very frustrated.

On the way out the door, a hand grabs my arm. It is the gorgeous sink sprayer. Dreamgirl says she wants to know why they call me Dash. I say I'll tell her on the way to my place. When we get in my car she asks if the seat folds back. Δ

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Classy, society femme, young pretty blonde submissive lesbian, smart sleek silky, and sexy has avid thirst for clever B/D punishment laced with golden shower eroticism. Can no longer deny my craving for chastisement by attractive, severe, top administering shameful "GS" punishment. Make your golden dream cum true. Reside northeast and can travel U.S. and abroad for promising servitude. Will answer all who send photo and serious correspondence. Box 632.

FEMME SEEKS FEMME

GWF, beautiful long auburn hair, hazel eyes, professional femme, tall, emotionally healthy, physically fit, (36D), non-smoker, drinker, scuba-diver seeks same for dining, dancing, laughter, spoiling, passionate lovemaking. Phone/photo. San Diego area. Box 669.

LESBIAN JOCK/ BOTTOM/SLAVE

Athletic, 32, seeks safe and sane top to expand physical and submissive limits in exchange for devotion/servitude. Not seeking strictly sexual encounters. Believe in bottoming/slave headspace as well as physical rewards/punishments. No heavy drinkers or drugs. Love sports/outdoors/serving. How may I serve you? Box 642.

FEMME VOYEUR N.E.

New England 27 year old needs strong woman to overpower me, make me do things I do not want to. Love me, make me love you. If you are strong, aggressive, overpowering, I am your toy. Race, age, looks not important. I enjoy body worship, body hair, and am a voyeur. Send letter and photo for same, to: Box 665.

PERFORMANCE ANXIETY

Threatens to impose upon me a lifetime of frigid nymphomania. Want woman who will "show me the ropes" and experiment with variety of interests...NY/Boston. Box 666.

CURIOUS ABSOLUTE BEGINNER

Hungry fatalist, 26, wants lustful letterwriters, any race, role, or area. No drugs, bi's, heavy S/M. But otherwise surprise me! Discretion desired and assured. Box 667.

SEEKING BUTCH/FEMME DYNAMICS

If you're a stone butch who walks on the outside of the curb, opens her door, the waiter calls you "Sir", you pick up the tab, drive her home, tuck her in, and firmly press your weight on TOP of her, you know how to treat a "lady". And, this ultra-femme knows how to please you too. Box 668.

FLAMING RED HEAD FEMME

With green eyes, 40ish, with body like Elvira, who wants classy butch dyke, 39, in leather with warm, gentle heart who rides a bike. Faithful, honest, truth, love unconditionally and not afraid of intimacy. Lots of $$. Box 645.

SHE SLICES, SHE DICES

She'll turn you into coleslaw in less than 30 seconds! Horny but shy would-be tiger lady, 27, seeks cocky smartass for mutual sarcasm, anguished self-examination, screwing, moderate S/M (bottom and top), and more-or-less serious relationship. No smokers or addicts, please. SF Bay Area. Send photo, baseball cards,

Business Owners! Publishers! Groups!

NEW AD MART COMING NEXT ISSUE

Get the exposure of a display ad for the price of a classified.

Call Linda Benmour at 415-861-4723 to place your ad in our first edition.

CLASSIFIEDS

and/or a really stupid joke you knew when you were ten to Box 493.

LULU IS SEEKING NYC WOMEN
Tippi—Melissa A.—Lisa C. You don't know each other but you all know me. Sorry to lose touch since moving back to SF. Missing you. Please write. Lulu Box 678.

HOT IN HAWAII
Aloha! I'm an attractive petite Oriental (22) looking for fun and great fucking! I'd love to correspond and trade sexy pics (nude if possible) with bi or lesbians everywhere. Cum one cum all! I'm very hot & waiting! Write & send sexy pics soon. Box 675.

"Personals let me be explicit about what I want. I don't have to feel self-conscious about expressing my sexual requirements."

MADONNA WANNA-FUCK
Is your ultimate dream to get into Madonna's groove? Have you vibrated to "Burning Up"? Tell me I'm not alone! I'm a 26-year-old bi, white femme who wants a girltoy. So bring your bi, femme self and your nastiest Catholic fantasies up to my 17th floor and get ready to play. SF Bay area. Photo please. Box 677.

NEW YORK DISCIPLINE
GWF attractive, slim, educated intelligent fem top, seeks attractive GWF submissive bottom eager to please and worship mistress. Should be above average intelligence, no smokers, drugs, or boozers. Box 676.

"To think people just advertise because they're lonely is a myth. I do it because I can't get enough!"

SEATTLE S/M DYKE MOVES SOUTH
Do you have a space to share/rent beginning June 1? Responsible, mature, woman looking for apt. or house with same, in SF/Bay Area. (206) 361-5141. Collect O.K. After 6 PM. Box 671.

FALLEN ANGEL
Professional musician, S/M top, 5'5, small build seeks special woman unafraid to reach for her dreams, Are you tough enough for my love? Why not discreetly slip your keys over for me, babe? I *am* Califia's fantasy and more! No tobacco. No head trips. Lana, Box 672.

"Personals are very enriching—finally met the kind of submissive femmes (intelligent and attractive) I've always desired."

MACHO FEMME SEEKS SAME
For spankings, existential crises and some sort of relationship, I guess. No smokers or couch potatoes. SF area. Box 681.

10 FRENCH MAIDS
Wanted to serve at OOB publisher's 40th birthday party in May at the Fairmont Hotel, SF. Box 679.

JUST FOR FUN
I thought I'd see if "you" are out there. I'm 30, single, living in Oakland. Maybe we have some things in common and would like to meet face to face...Mine: graphic design, the Mac, star gazing, theater, old cars, thrift stores, old cars, walks in the cemetary, car trips, fishing, fish stories and more. Box 680.

"I must say that my ad was a passing amusement and it passed way too fast!

BUY ONE PERSONAL AD RUN A SECOND TIME FOR FREE!

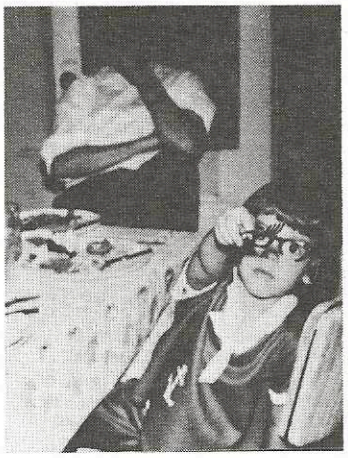
When you take out apersonal ad for the May/June Issue, we'll run the same ad for free in our July/August Issue. What are you waiting for?

CONTRIBUTORS

Greta Christina has been writing *Sextracts* for almost a year and is finally learning not to treat it like a high school English paper.

Cover artist **Double V.** of Seattle, is a TV photojournalist who gets her art fix doing still photography.

Annie Sprinkle just finished co-directing and starring in *Linda/Les & Annie—the First Female to Male Transsexual Love Story*; a fun, sexy and informative video docudrama. It's available for $68.00 by mail order from Annie: 132 W. 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.



Greta Christina

Kris Kovick says she managed to make it through the 80's without shoulder pads, but the challenge will be to survive the 90's without a codpiece.

Michelle Pearl thought the bathroom drama was over, until she saw a dead rat floating in her toilet.

Morgan Gwenwald is <u>not</u> a commercial photographer. She creates erotic images for pure pleasure.

Jacquie Bishop is a writer, activist, and performer who lives, works, and plays in the New York City area.

Divianna Ingravallo is a bi-coastal perormance artist and writer, who still can't make up her mind between San Francisco and New York. She and photographer **Tracy Mosotovy** chase each other from coast to coast.

This spring **Honey Lee Cottrell's** garden will feature one hundred majestic Darwin tulips, including "Anne Frank", a pure white with a very large flower and "Queen of the Night", the darkest black. This riot of tulip colors blooms in May.

minns has a new book titled *Virago* hot off the Naiad Press. It's billed as "...an eerie erotic tale to be read only with the shades tightly drawn."

Jessica Tanzer doesn't do phone. First, your machine calls her machine. After you've finished reading *War and Peace*, try again.

Penny Jerome & her main squeeze

Myra Fourwinds is still travelling in the luscious depths of South America.

Penny Jerome has been living in Seattle since September and describes the snapshot of herself like this: "I'm the one with the flip-up, clip-on nerd glasses sucking on my knuckles."

GET A WOMAN...

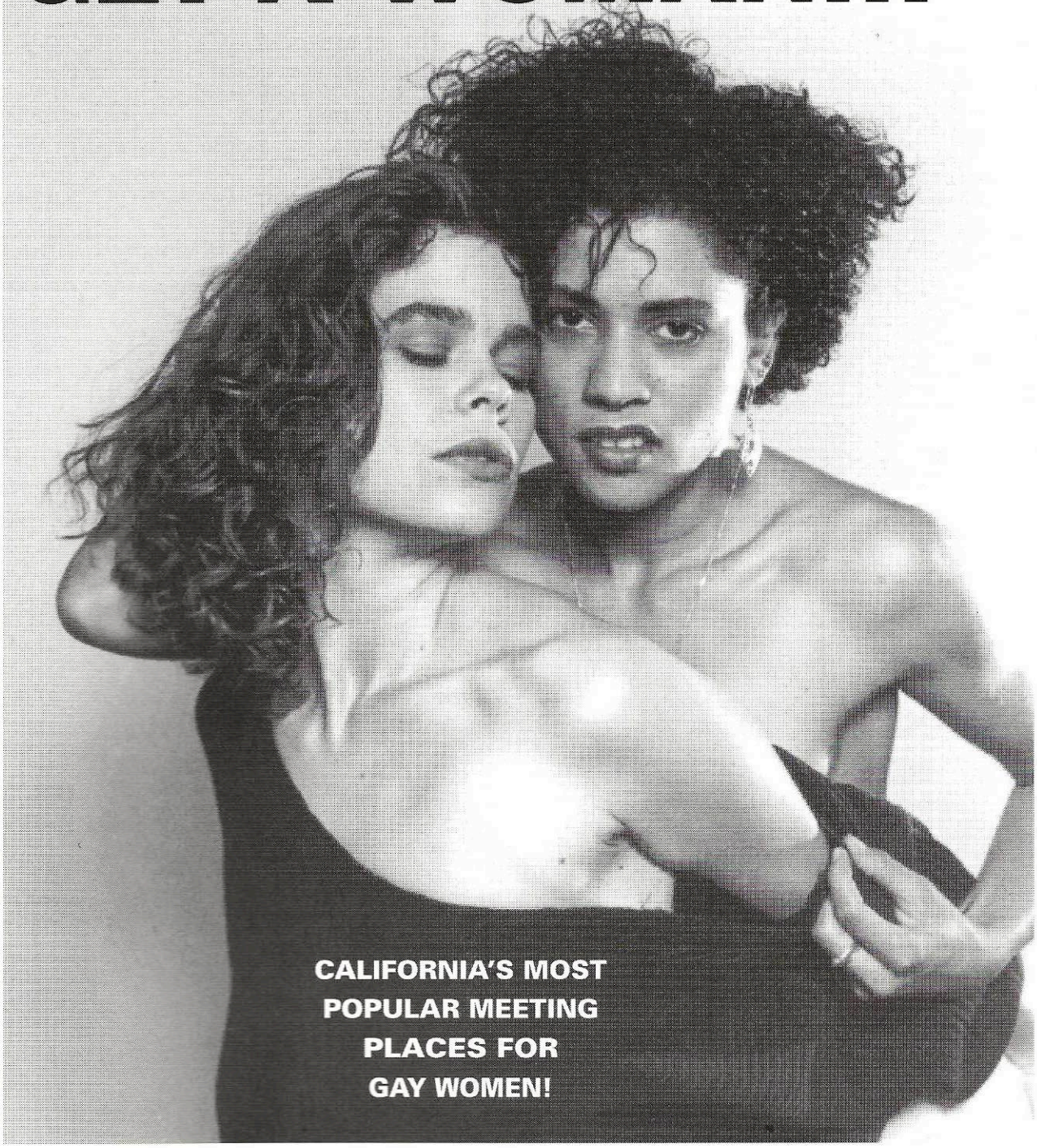


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Photo: Morgan Gwenwald

Girl talk with porn star
Barbara Dare

•

Dirty talk
in the bar bathroom

•

Baby talk with
Susie Sexpert

•

Triva tongue twisters
from *Lesbian Lists*

In
This
Issue